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THE RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE OF THE TEACHER

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The other day I listened to a paper by one of our teachers on 'The Influence of the Teacher.' It was a well considered, carefully written, earnest piece of work, displaying an obvious sincerity, and a genuine desire to understand fully and to discharge wisely and well the teacher's function. What interested me, however, most in the paper was this: that more than four-fifths of it was occupied by a consideration of the *moral* influence of the teacher, of the influence of the teacher's personality on the habits and character of the child, of the necessity of instilling a strict ethical code into the growing mind, and kindred topics, whilst only a tiny portion, a brief paragraph or so toward the close, was devoted to the teacher's definite *religious* influence. The bulk of the paper was taken up with the notion, valuable enough in its way and undeniably necessary, of the importance of moral training, moral teaching, and moral influence; religion and the religious influence of the teacher appeared as a kind of afterthought, something, perhaps, that might well be taken for granted, but needed a slight mention lest the paper remain incomplete.

Religion and Morality not identical

Now I wondered greatly over this. Why should the world of morality receive so much, and the world of religion so little attention? Why this strange disparity in division? The only conclusion I could reach was that in the mind of the teacher who wrote the paper, the two words were, to all intents and purposes, the same, and that the teaching of morality was identical with the teaching of religion. Moreover, I believe that this view of the case is widely prevalent, especially amongst Sunday school teachers, and, for that matter, amongst ministers in the ranks of the less orthodox churches. Personally, I hold this view to be fundamentally mistaken. The world of morality and the world of religion are not identical; as the heaven is higher than the earth, so does the world of religion transcend the world of morality. The teaching of morality is not necessarily the teaching of religion as well; it is conceivably possible to train a child in every moral duty of mankind and never, all through, awaken the infant soul to the true thought of God. The moral influence of the teacher is not the same as his religious influence; there are men in the world, many of them in the unorthodox churches, honorable, worthy men, whose morality is pure as the fresh snow, and whose moral influence is good and great, yet in whose souls the flame of real religion burns cold, whose hearts know little or nothing of the ecstasy of contrite holiness, of the joy of redemptive grace, of the glory of spiritual loss of self in the mystery of godliness. Morality is conceivably possible in a world where God is not. Many a man knows something of the Categorical Imperative, and yet is utterly ignorant of the infinite treasures of God which are laid up for the souls that truly abandon themselves in love. The Kantian tendency to make religion a mere adjunct of morality seems

to have gripped the teachers of Liberal Religion in a deadly chill ; in the barren worship of ' Duty,' we lose the precious joy of God.

Religion more than Morality

Religion transcends morality. It is of another order and another realm. Religion is not ' morality touched with emotion,' as Matthew Arnold said. It is not the flower of which morality is the bud. Morality is of the earth ; religion belongs to heaven. Morality is a finite movement in a finite world. Religion is an experience in an eternal realm. St. Paul, on the road to Damascus, discovered that the fulfilling of the law, even to the uttermost, was not religion. As the essence of religion, Jesus preached not the cold stern pursuit of duty, but the turning of the heart and the joy in God's Kingdom, beauty and peace in the eternal world of infinite love and victory. Morality has to do with movement ; religion with rest. The ideal of morality is unattainable ; the glory of religion is complete at every moment. Morality is conflict ; religion is triumph. Morality is an unending process ; religion an endless rest, not a rest of inactivity, but a rest of union with the Divine Centre of all activity. Morality is imposed upon the understanding ; religion springs up in the heart. Morality deals in laws and precepts ; religion in grace and love. In the awakening of spirit, morality is a lower stage than religion, not the goal of life, but simply a necessary step in the journey. The man of morality may know nothing of religion ; the truly religious man cannot fail to contain morality in himself. Nor does all this in any way detract from the importance of morality. Whatever else men may be they are, in one aspect of their being, finite creatures in a finite world, in which there are distinctions between right and wrong, in which virtue and vice play a part. There is a road to tread which men call the moral road, and the finite world is full of directing finger posts. Whatever else he is, man must be, in some measure and in some degree, moral, and of course it is important that his morality should be the best he knows or can learn. The finite world is a great school of morality, and every one of us is engaged in teaching and in learning ways of living. Sometimes we try to reduce these ways of living to principles and precepts and codes, and, having done that, we suppose we can teach morality with a certain precision and definiteness. But, if we know anything of religion, we know that we possess a truth deeper than morality, a life more profound than any existence of conformity to rule and law and maxim.

From this it seems to follow that the teaching of morality is not identical with the teaching of religion, and that a moral influence is not necessarily a religious influence. In what, then, does the teaching of religion consist, and what is a religious influence ? To teach religion means, in the last resort, simply to awaken in the soul of the child, or of the grown man and woman, that sense of God, of the Infinite, of the Absolute, which is as natural and proper to the human spirit as is the sense of Beauty or of Goodness, and which, though allied to these, is yet vastly different from them. Says Browning :

> ' Religion's all or nothing : it's no mere smile
> O' contentment, sigh of aspiration, sir—
> No quality o' the finelier tempered clay
> Like its whiteness or its lightness : rather, stuff
> O' the very stuff, life of life and self of self.
> I tell you, men won't notice. When they do,
> They'll understand.'

The Free Gift of God

To teach religion is to arouse this capacity to notice. To notice what ? Just the mysterious character of personality, of deepest inner life, the mysterious demand of the inmost self, the mysterious nature of the surrounding world, the mysterious unsatisfactoriness of all finite things. For the Greeks, the deepest heart of religion was a μυστήριον, a mystery, into which the soul had to be initiated. So it is always : religion has to do with a mystery, with something we can never adequately know but only feel, with something which we can never really express but only imperfectly symbolise. It is a matter not of conduct, but of insight. Morality can perhaps be taught by means of propositions, by precepts and rules, though even in the teaching of morality example is better than precept, and the personal life is more potent than the formal word. But religion refuses to be set forth in phrases ; we may teach completely to our children all the articles of ' Our Faith ' and give them no atom of religion. In the end, possibly, no man can convey

religion to another ; at most he can only stir to life the desire in the other's soul to find religion for himself, to open the door whereby the stream of God's grace may enter his heart. Religion is the free gift of God, not the manufactured work of man. God offers religion to all men, if only they will take the gift, and the work of the teacher of religion is to arouse, inspire, maybe compel the laggard soul to seize the treasure set by heaven within its grasp.

The Teacher's Part

But what can the teacher do ? First of all, he must have realised religion in some measure for himself. Poor, weak, sinful and inadequate as he may feel himself to be—and the more religious he is, the more will he feel this—yet he must, in all prayerful humility, know of himself and in himself that God is and that he is the helper of them that serve him, that eternity wraps this finite world about and finds a point of contact in the deep recesses of the soul, that beyond and behind the stuff and furniture of time, changing and perishing as it is, there is a world of absolute completeness into union with which the tired heart may come at any moment. When the teacher has realised this in some measure for himself, then let him go to the child, or to the grown adult ; it matters not here, where we are all children. Let him preserve in his demeanour at all times a devout and reverent attitude, as of one who stands in the shadow of mysterious, holy things. Let him then strive, by all the means at his disposal, to awaken in the growing mind the sense of mystery and of wonder. Religion, like philosophy, begins in wonder. Teach the child how strange is the world, and how strange is he himself. From baby lips there come often wondrous expressions of amazement in presence of the, as yet, vaguely comprehended things of destiny and life ; let the teacher seize on these, encourage them, lead them forward. Let him, as it were, try to help the child to pick up the memories it brings from the pre-natural darkness, memories, perchance, of that ideal world from which its soul was sent to sojourn for a space in this un-ideal existence. Let him teach the child to utter the name of God as the most sacred of all human terms, the symbol of all the mystery dimly felt. This he can do in a myriad varied ways ; there is no story of nature or of humanity that will not, in the end, lead to God. Then, as the child mind grows stronger, let the teacher urge the hidden significance of every detail of the common, ordinary way, let him give some inkling of the strangeness of life and of personality, gathering to his service all the glorious vocabulary of religion, leading the mind to think over, and the heart to ponder, the treasures of supreme religious notions, like love, grace, penitence, prayer, worship, devotion, redemption, salvation, joy, peace, blessing, and all the gracious host that crowd the gateway of the most inward shrine. With the younger mind it is enough that the spirit of wonder and the sense of mystery should be awakened, and that an attitude of reverence should be inspired early in presence of the strangeness of life and destiny. The effort of the teacher should be to create impressions, not to convey ideas. Later on, when the great formative instincts of life awaken and the sense of individuality grows strong, the teaching of religion can become more explicit ; the teacher can speak more plainly of the actual ideas of religion, and of the intellectual expressions which religious experience has found or may find. The content of the Christian faith, the notion of the Church as the society of Saved Souls, the seasons of the Christian year, its fasts and festivals, the ritual and ceremony of worship, will furnish ample material for solid teaching, provided only the teacher remember all the time that the one aim of his teaching is to awaken the mind of his hearer to an ever completer realisation of the invisible order of being in which the deepest soul-life is lived.

A New Boldness

When, at the close of the paper I have referred to, I ventured to try and say some of these things, the reply was : ' this work is too hard for us. It is easier to teach the child the rules of morality.' Well, perhaps it is ; but I am sure that the other work, the work I have suggested here, is vastly more valuable. If it be not undertaken, and that seriously, religion is like to perish from the earth ; and as for the teacher's capacity, surely the way of prayer and quiet meditation, the path of introspection, of inward experience, is not closed. Men in these days seem strangely afraid of their own souls, yet,

as Maeterlinck says, we all live in the sublime. Where else can we live? Let a man, a teacher, go into the silence and commune with the angelic presences that hover continually about his life; he will not then find the teaching of religion 'too hard.' Indeed, he will see that there is, in the end, nothing else that he can teach. Having the treasure himself, he will say, with St. Paul, 'Woe be to me if I preach not the gospel,' yes, even to children. We need a little new boldness, that is all. The wind of God's spirit still blows, and tongues of fire still descend. Religion is the supreme thing in life, greater than all else, greater even than the purest morality. Cannot we realise it as such?

SWIMMING CLUBS

RONALD P. JONES, M.A.

Of all forms of athletic societies which are practicable in connection with Sunday school work, the swimming club is the easiest to organise and one of the most beneficial in its effect on the health and development of the members—the easiest, I mean, in the sense that it demands no premises or apparatus of its own. Now-a-days there must be few centres of our church work, except in remote country districts, which are not within reach of a public bath, providing all the accommodation required; and as regards the benefits of swimming, it would be superfluous to enlarge upon its merits as a form of exercise bringing into play all the muscles together, while for town dwellers in particular, it has the additional hygienic advantage of thoroughly soaking and clearing the skin at more or less frequent intervals.

In respect to the actual teaching of swimming, the church or mission club is passing through the same phase as the Sunday school itself once did as a means of imparting general education. The elementary schools rendered this side of Sunday school work superfluous, and now that swimming is so largely taught and has been recognised as part of the physical instruction code by the education department, it will sooner or later become an indispensable branch of elementary education.

In connection with the Sunday school, however, a swimming club is valuable in flourishing at a time of year when most institutional work of this kind is inclined to slacken; the gymnastic classes cease at the beginning of the summer, and in many cases a cricket club is impracticable owing to the difficulty and expense of obtaining a ground. If the athletic side of the work is allowed to lapse altogether for several months, many adherents will certainly be lost by the time the winter season comes round again.

Management

The management of the club is simple: a treasurer, secretary and committee can be formed among the swimmers who are certain to be in existence already, and the captain is usually chosen by the practical test of a preliminary race at the opening of the season. Tickets can be obtained from the public baths in large quantities at a reduced price for clubs, usually 4d. for first class and 2½d. for second class bath (in some baths, boys under 16 are admitted at 1d.). These can either be sold to the members at cost price, or a small subscription for the season can be imposed, and the tickets sold at a reduction. Compared with gymnastics, cricket or football, the financial problem is far less troublesome. A weekly club night, or two if required, can be chosen after consultation with the bath's superintendent to avoid crowded nights, and the only further duties of the officials are to arrange handicaps, competitions, inter-club matches, &c., according to the keenness and efficiency of the members.

Swimming

The experts should always be expected to take their turn in instructing members who have not yet learned to swim, otherwise these will merely splash about at the shallow end of the bath and make no progress on their own account. The foundation of all swimming is still the breast stroke, while the back stroke is perhaps the easiest to learn, and most boys will acquire some kind of overarm stroke for racing. Floating should also be taught, for it is a common delusion that anyone can float by keeping still long enough; this is only the case in salt water, and in fresh water many, no doubt, have a natural power of doing so, but many more have to learn it as an art.

Systematic swimming practice should

be encouraged by timing and by competitions and races of moderate length, team races in particular, as in these the excitement of a long race is obtained without any individual having to overtax his powers.

Diving

Diving in its simplest form is indispensable, because even in the most junior competitions a swimmer is hopelessly outdistanced if he cannot start his race by a neat dive from the side of the bath. On the fascination of diving as a pursuit in itself, my own opinion will perhaps be considered hardly impartial; it seems to me to combine more attractions than any other form of athletics. To the sense of free action which swimming gives as the only exercise unrestricted by clothes, and to the training in instant control over the muscles and position of the body, learnt from gymnastics, it adds the pleasure of swift movement through air and water, though in perfection this is only to be felt in summer sunshine and sea air. Advanced diving is really a form of gymnastics, and most of the movements themselves, as well as the details of 'good style' required, would be quite familiar to boys who are accustomed to the parallel bars or vaulting horse. The diver also has the advantage of several feet of yielding water to 'land' upon, instead of two inches of matting and a hard floor; but it is curious that boys who will perform expert gymnastic feats on the bars can rarely be induced to translate them to the diving board.

Life-Saving Drill

The third sphere of activity for a club is life-saving drill. Apart from its possible use for a far finer purpose than mere exercise, it is eminently suitable for such clubs because a good part of the instruction can be given as land drill during the winter in the schoolroom or gymnasium, and it forms an interesting variety for brigade or other organisations where physical drill is part of the routine. The three methods of rescue and release can be taught from the hand-book of the Royal Life-saving Society, and expert instruction can readily be obtained by applying to their headquarters. The resuscitation drill is exceedingly simple now that the new Schafer method has been officially adopted, and at this stage additional interest can be given to the drill by a lecture from a doctor on the lungs and the general physical problems involved in artificial respiration.

Resuscitation is a matter of instruction to be carefully followed, and the assistance of a swimmer who is temporarily disabled or exhausted is comparatively easy, but actual 'life-saving' requires the greatest skill and judgment which can only be acquired by training and practice, and without these the mere ability to swim will often only lead to two tragedies instead of one.

In this connection boys should also be taught diving from the surface of the water to fetch up objects from the bottom, beginning with tin plates and going on to heavier things, such as a brick. Though long-distance swimming under water is rightly condemned and prohibited by the authorities, it is very useful for a swimmer to learn to overcome the natural instinct of panic which he feels at first below the surface, and to realise that 'under-water' is a region where he can see and hear in moderation, and can do things deliberately and carefully within a reasonable limit of time. In any boating neighbourhood swimming in clothes should be practised from time to time, and the various forms of trick swimming all help to give confidence in the water.

Water polo has attained to popularity owing to the British feeling for turning all forms of exercise into a game, but apart from difficulties about training, it is an unsuitable branch of swimming for boys under eighteen or twenty years of age, as it imposes a severe strain on all but the strongest players during the time when their side occupies the deep end of the bath.

Affiliation

If the club prospers it will probably enter teams for local competitions, and may even aspire to give an annual entertainment of its own, and for this, affiliation to the Amateur Swimming Association is necessary. Great care must be taken that all the members of the club satisfy the amateur definition, not only as swimmers, but in certain other branches of athletics which are specified, since a club which is disqualified through containing a 'professional' member will have some trouble and expense in regaining its amateur status, and it will also disqualify

any other club which has competed with it in ignorance of its disability (the membership, for instance, of a paid gymnastic instructor, or boatman, or footballer, is inadmissible, and special attention is necessary to this rule in clubs among a seaside or riverside population).

In London the affiliation question is solved by the existence of the London Unitarian Swimming League, of which clubs competing for its challenge shields become members, and the League itself affiliates with the Swimming and Diving Associations.

The League begins its operations in the early summer, and preliminary heats in the team races and diving for senior and junior divisions are carried out during August and September, the finals taking place at the Annual Entertainment at the end of the month when swimming and diving competitions are also arranged for individual members of any club which has entered a team. In the number of clubs which compete and the general interest taken in the League throughout London, it has in a few years taken the foremost place in the athletic work promoted by the Laymen's Club, and I suggest the formation of Northern Leagues in the Yorkshire and Lancashire districts (where similar clubs already exist, which could undertake the central organisation) as a most successful means of promoting friendly intercourse and competition among the younger members of our churches. The increase in keenness which such competitions bring about in clubs which have hitherto been isolated, is immense and lasting, and in the encouragement of a general 'entente' between the churches which is now recognised to be exceedingly desirable, these clubs and leagues might play a not inconsiderable part.

I am ready to adopt it as an article of scientific faith, true through all space and through all time, that life proceeds from life and from nothing but life.—*Lord Kelvin.*

Men praying resemble sailors who have cast anchor on a rock, and who fancy they are pulling the rock to them when they are pulling themselves to the rock.

I submit that Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning, and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us where we will, and which only leaves us when we leave the light of life.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

BAND OF HOPE WORK

ROWLAND HILL

THERE can, presumably, be no reader of THE SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY who wants convincing of the desirability of holding Band of Hope meetings. Even if the abuse of alcohol did only half the mischief it does in the present day, there would still be great need to warn the young people whom we cannot help influencing, that it is far wiser to keep on the safe side of total abstinence than to run the risk of occasionally overstepping the very shadowy line which separates moderation from over-indulgence in the use of alcoholic drinks. This seems so obvious, that it may be taken for granted at once that there is such ample justification for the existence of Bands of Hope that we may at once discuss details which may help to make them more successful than they have yet been, more interesting in themselves, and more enduring in their results.

The First Band of Hope

That we should desire to make them more successful must not be taken to imply that they have not been a success; for their results have been simply marvellous. It is but sixty-three years since there was only one Band of Hope in the world—the one formed in Leeds in 1847, by the Rev. Jabez Tunnicliff, to whose brain we owe the invention of the happy title by which our juvenile societies are now chiefly known. Old men still live who remember that first Band of Hope. From that tiny seed has grown the great tree beneath which over 3,000,000 young people now shelter themselves in the British Isles, and which is now spreading its ramifications over all the civilised world. Quite a number of the Members of the present Parliament avow that they owe more than they can tell to the lessons they learned and the habits they formed when they were boys in the Band of Hope.

Were there need to prove this statement, I could fill this article with extracts from letters from many of these Members, plainly acknowledging their indebtedness to these societies.

So long as such vast sums are spent on alcoholic drinks, dragging thousands down to ruin and destitution, so long will Bands of Hope have a work to do.

What, then, are some of the require-

ments in the management of a Band of Hope ?

Earnestness is Essential

The first essential in a worker is surely *earnestness*. He or she—and it is largely a woman's work—must be convinced beyond any shadow of doubt that the habit of total abstinence is as wise as it is safe. Its safety has never been challenged ; no coroner's jury ever returned a verdict of ' Death from chronic temperance ; ' no criminal ever tried to take shelter from his guilt under the plea that he was ' in a state of total abstinence '—and that *that* had led him to fall into wrong-doing unawares. Total abstinence is quite safe ; and medical opinion—as shown by Sir Victor Horsley, Professor Kräpelin and others—now declares that alcohol drinking is detrimental to nerve, to muscle, and to normal human development. When a young man or woman is once convinced by such evidence that intoxicants are not only not necessary—but are also positively injurious—they are likely to become personal abstainers. But they further need great sympathy for the poor, and some knowledge of the sadness caused by the use of intoxicants, before they enter upon the important task of influencing children in Bands of Hope. Some knowledge, clear conviction and broad human sympathies in the direction indicated are the first requisites for one who would be a successful Band of Hope worker.

Mental Alertness

The second essential may be described as *Mental Alertness*. It is that characteristic which enables a superintendent to cultivate perennial brightness in all his meetings. While order is essential, it should be the reverse of rigidity in regard to the conduct of a meeting. If old people rather like the cut-and-dried method (I am not at all sure that they do) it is beyond discussion that children greatly prefer variety. Some of the most successful Bands of Hope are those where an air of freedom prevails everywhere ; and that this is never allowed to degenerate into license and disorder is simply because the children have confidence in the strong will and kindly-directed judgment of the superintendent. They may not be quite sure what he will do next ; but they are sure it will be interesting. Such alertness does not spring out of indolence ; it is due to keen observation of child life and careful preparation of every detail in the conduct of a meeting.

Parenthetically, let me say that no one should ever be discouraged by the smallness of a Band of Hope. A speaker to five hundred children often feels that some are too young, and possibly that some may feel themselves too old to follow the address. In small meetings the addresses are often intensive in value, because each child in the audience is near the speaker, and the appeals become more personal and effective than when shouted to a crowd. I believe I heard Robert Collyer once say that he liked to have the sinners within fifteen feet of his desk—as beyond that the magnetic chain that unites a speaker to his hearers is too easily broken. Some of the noblest trophies won to the cause of Total Abstinence have been won in very small meetings. Twenty good listeners are better than five hundred restless children only longing to get out and have a game.

System

As a third essential, and partly flowing from it, perhaps *System* is most useful. If there be no system, there is likely to come monotony. System should include change of speaker, change of subject, and change of method. Some societies are enabled to have one medical address each quarter, one blackboard talk (at least), and one visit from a minister. Such system is, therefore, the system which leads to great variety. The way to make it have its proper influence is for every quarter's meetings to be thoroughly arranged beforehand—and, where possible, a syllabus printed. If circulated in the place of worship adjoining the school, at the beginning of each quarter, quiet invitation might be given to friends to render help occasionally in some such way as the Quarterly Syllabus would indicate.

As the *Band of Hope Chronicle* often contains copies of such quarterly programmes, there is little need for one to be printed here ; because the writer would fain hope that many readers of this QUARTERLY are regular students of the unobtrusive *Chronicle*.

Brightness

The brightness of a meeting is an essential—and perhaps ought not to be so low as fourthly—and this has to do

with the external appearance of the room, the flowers on the desk, and the singing of the melodies. Drawling out long metre tunes is not the way to achieve this end. Cheerful words to joyous tunes are now found in all our Band of Hope Hymn Books. Let them be well learned; and let some of the best hymns be sung until the children can sing them without a book. Knowing the words of a noble hymn has been a priceless boon in more lives than one. Therefore have good hymns and repeat the first verse two or three times, till all can sing it without the book. It would be an achievement that would please the youngsters, as well as help the conductor. Old men now tell that once they were in Crystal Palace Band of Hope choirs over forty years ago, and they still recall the words which Mr. Frederic Smith, the devoted conductor of those days, insisted they should know perfectly without the book.

Neighbourliness and Co-operation

In towns, societies should be *Neighbourly;* that is, picked reciters and singers might visit other societies. That helps the young people to feel that a piece to be prepared should be well done, and it also helps to encourage the idea that the Band of Hope army is a very large one.

Co-operation is another feature. Let the children follow each address and be asked to reproduce it on paper when they get home. Village children who have few opportunities have often bestowed great pains upon such copies; while town children, with greater facilities, have often failed to use them. If prizes are offered for such designs and copies, they should not be of pecuniary value, though they might be of an artistic character. The indirect value of children reproducing the blackboard device or the points in an address, is, perhaps, its best feature; for the parents come within the influence which may help them to renounce the habit of drinking intoxicants.

Bands of Hope have a great work to do in the days yet to come. They cannot be too humble in character; they cannot either be too worthily supported. Childhood is leading the way to the Temperance Reformation. Help it who may,—the first to help it should be the Sunday school teachers of the Empire.

THE EKOI AND THE CHILDREN

GEORGE J. ALLEN

Most people must have noticed a little quotation from a paper read by Mr. P. A. Talbot before the Royal Geographical Society some time ago, which seemed to find its way into every newspaper in the land. He was speaking of the Ekoi, a people who live in Nigeria, to the north and north-west of Calabar.

'The Ekoi,' said Mr. Talbot, 'were devoted parents. One charming superstition forbade all quarrelling in a house where there were little children. The latter, so they said, loved sweet words, kind looks, and gentle voices, and if these were not to be found in the family into which they had reincarnated, they would close their eyes and forsake the earth till a chance offered to return again amid less quarrelsome surroundings.'

I cannot imagine why Mr. Talbot called this a superstition. It is nothing of the kind. It is a fact patent to everyone who knows anything at all about children. Where love and kisses, sympathy and gentleness are to be found the child flourishes, but where these have given place to harshness and violence the child soul fades away and only an unlovely miniature man or woman is left.

The point about the Ekoi seems to be that they openly recognise this fact, and few can have read what Mr. Talbot had to say on the point without their hearts going out to such a delightful people. For myself, the facts previously mentioned by the lecturer to the effect that the Ekoi had no taxes to pay, no wearisome restrictions to undergo, and a land to dwell in so fruitful that a few weeks' labour was sufficient to supply them with food, home and clothes for a whole year, had already appealed to me. I longed to share with them in the hope of getting time to read a few more books before I died, and to think out one or two little problems that perplex me, but the mention of this beautiful child-teaching made me forget all but the desire that for any further life I might have to live upon this dear old planet I might be born of the Ekoi.

Contrasts

What a contrast must child-life in such conditions afford to child-life as we some-

times see it in what are thought to be more enlightened parts of the world! I have never forgotten a little eight-year-old in Sussex, who, having been forced out of his bed by the tongue of a nagging mother, went slowly downstairs muttering, 'I wish there weren't no world.'

Poor laddie! In some dim way realising how, by that great chain of circumstance in which every link save the first is both a cause and an effect, he was bound up indissolubly with the existence of the world, he felt that the only way to have avoided existence was for the world itself not to have been. The pity of it that a child should wish not to be!

The sorrows of childhood are so very real, and yet so very, very rarely are they appreciated. We grown-ups do not quite realise yet, with all our study of child-life, that the child's experiences, like our own, are the experiences of what is infinite within it. The child is concerned with such little things to our way of thinking that we foolishly ignore the subjective state of the child and think only of the object that stirs its emotions. Seeing the object to be small—insignificant even—we brush the emotion aside as insignificant also. But it is not so. Love is infinite, whether it be the love of God or the love of a doll. Grief is infinite, whether it be for a dead mother or a dead bird. Remorse is infinite, whether it be for a heartless murder or a thoughtlessly unkind little word.

It is surely one of the sweetest things in life to see the sorrow vanish from a child's face, fleeing before a smile like a cloud before the sun, and to feel that one has helped to dispel the storm. The child's griefs may be merely things of the moment, but while they last they are very deep—deep unto infinity—and our sympathy needs to be very deep and very real to help it.

A man down whose cheek a tear flowed, as he consoled a child over a broken dolly, would win the freedom of the child-world for ever. Perhaps Francis Thompson could have done this, for we remember his love of children and his injunction to his god-child:

> 'Pass the crystalline sea, the Lampads seven:
> Look for me in the nurseries of Heaven.'

Certainly, I think, R. L. S. could. What a pity it was that the mother of that little laddie in Sussex had never heard those lines of his:

> 'This world is so full of a number of things,
> I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

If she had known them, or experienced their meaning, the boy would not have wished there were no world. The poor laddie was only unfortunate in his mother, after all. If he had only known he would simply have wished that he had been born among the Ekoi. This little chap, I may say, was often very naughty and as often punished. Now, Mr. Talbot did not tell us so in his paper, but I am sure that so understanding a people as the Ekoi would realise that real naughtiness in a child is mostly the fault of its parents, and would see to it that the parents were suitably punished for the child's wrong-doing.

A Game of the Back Street

It will be as well, perhaps, that I should keep these sentiments from coming to my little daughter's knowledge, but, on the other hand, I hope I shall never see her playing a game that is very popular in the back streets of London. It is called 'Fathers and Mothers.' The largest of the little boys takes the part of the father, and the largest of the little girls that of the mother. The rest of the players are the children of the family. The information as to the habits of certain sections of the population to be obtained by the student of social conditions from watching such a game is not without value. Invariably the children are smacked and scolded by 'the mother' from the beginning to the end of the game, and as invariably 'the father' reels home and quarrels with the wife—words leading to blows, and blows, in some versions, to the intervention of 'a policeman,' whose late entry into the play is compensated for by its dramatic timing. I wonder whether the children of the Ekoi play this game?

There is an institution in England called the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Every month it investigates some thousands of cases. There are also many Missionary Societies in this country. They were holding a big Congress some time ago, and from what I hear they are going to send missionaries to convert the Ekoi. It appears that they are barbarians, while we are Christians.

THE USE OF SUNDAY[1]

DOROTHY TARRANT, M.A.

'SUNDAY TO-MORROW!'—There are some of our fellows to whom these words mean no more than 'Monday to-morrow'—another day of the same day-long work. Let us hope that they, too, have their Sabbath now and then, though it is to be feared that few Sunday workers get a weekly rest. And for their Sunday work we are, in some measure, responsible. There are others whose existence (is it so happy, after all?) is one long Saturday afternoon, whereof this Sunday of ours is just a seventh part, much like the rest, save that it brings certain minor inconveniences, caused by the strange prejudices of other people. There may be some, again, to whom Sunday is a day of bondage and restriction, and no more; children of homes that have preserved the stern old ways, or elders who have not been able to shake off the habits, irksome as they are, given by their early training.

None of us, it may confidently be said, belong to any of these classes. Sunday is to us neither wholly a seventh workday, nor a seventh holiday, nor, surely, a day of penance and vexation of spirit.

What is it?

Here is a day which we may, at any rate, for the most part, use as we ourselves please—that is, as we feel to be fitting and appropriate. If we want guidance in our choice, there is plenty to be had for (or without) the asking. On the one hand, certain passages of an old book, and certain time-honoured customs of an old institution, are quoted in favour of giving a unique place and function to this one day in seven. On the other, present-day considerations of health, culture, recreation, political and social needs, are put forward to make us fill the day with a truly various set of pursuits. And behind all these suggestions there presses the sure, steady weight of habit and training, most powerful always at the most debateable points of choice. Unless the Sundays of our childhood were absolutely repugnant to us—and, sometimes, even if they were—the Sundays of our adult life are likely to wear more or less the same colour.

Does it matter how we spend Sunday? I suppose all of us think that it does; but it is worth while to ask why. Is it the Fourth Commandment that decides us? Probably not; though the influence of that Commandment, through all these centuries, on the weekly observance of our world must have had its effect on our habit of mind. But we do not ourselves, when it comes to the point, observe any of those Commandments *because* they are in the Old Testament. Why, then, should we feel moved (if we do) to 'remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?' It is a privilege, and a problem of our liberal faith to ask ourselves that question. In what relation, again, do we place this old instinctive recognition of a Divine claim upon one day in seven with the Master's word, 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath'? Does the old Commandment mean simply, after all, that *man* needs, for his health of body and mind, a day's rest in seven?

Temptation to Sunday Work

To this point, let us go. Let those of us who have the opportunity for weekly rest see to it that we set aside, on that day, the ordinary work of the week, of whatever sort it be. To the frequenter of office or workshop this is simple enough; if the holiday is given, the means of work are shut away, and rest follows perforce. But the home worker knows too well what it is to have 'things to finish'—tasks which tend to overflow Saturday night—always the daily minimum which must be done. It is surely worth while, if in any way we can, to shut, for one day, our own workshop door, and keep our hands from all but the inevitable work of the day—and not to do ourselves or others the injustice of letting them come to expect from us more than we ought to be doing. But the student—and here I speak feelingly—is, perhaps, the most tempted of all; and the question of this kind of Sunday work ought to come home to us all as teachers. The school or college worker who can rely upon shutting the books on Saturday night and not opening them again till Monday morning has an asset which can hardly be over-valued. If the 'lust of finishing' is allowed to invade Sunday, or, still more, if the day is deliberately taken as another opportunity for work, the brain and body simply cannot put forth their best under the constant strain. If a

[1] A paper read to a meeting of Sunday school teachers.

personal reference may be allowed, let me say that through a good many years of constant mental work, generally at high pressure, I have found it infinitely worth while to keep strictly to the rule made for me, at the beginning, by wise parents—'no lessons on Sunday;' and, generally speaking, the most truly vigorous students I have known have been keepers of this rule. Let those twenty-four hours be simply ignored, so far as the study-week goes; if the six days are not enough for getting through the work, something is wrong; but to encroach upon Sunday is not the way to set about putting it right. If we can in any way help our student children to regard this habit of Sunday rest as a matter of course—a pledge not to be broken—we shall be doing them an immense service for life.

Having cleared the day, then, from week-day pursuits, to what use are we to put our Sabbath? We own no absolute authority, save the command of our conscience. But in a matter where tradition and wont have so large a place it may be worth while to look into our conscience itself; are its scruples, if they exist, founded on sound reason, or do they amount only to what may be described as 'a feeling'? Probably each person here has a different—if only slightly different—notion of what a Sunday should be; and how many different notions must be allowed for in all the homes from which our scholars come! For this question of Sunday observance is surely one for teacher and scholar to consider together.

Change

To the little ones, in general, Sunday is marked by best clothes, good things to eat, father and the other workers usually at home, and—let us hope and believe a pleasant feature—Sunday school itself. With growing years come all sorts of opportunities to put the day to wider uses. What do we say to the instinct for fresh air and change of scene, which finds satisfaction in long Sunday walks or rides, or, further afield, in Sunday train excursions, a day at the sea or in the country? What, again, to the Sunday concert or other entertainment which appeals to those who work late on week-evenings? Others may be led by their debating instincts and awaking interest in social, political and theological questions to Hyde Park or Clapham Common as a Sunday attraction. And there are some whose Sunday ideal, after a hard-working week, is just inactivity—lying in bed, or the nearest approach thereto.

Do we think any or all of these things sufficiently important to make them matters of principle either way, for ourselves and those whom we influence? Or are they to be left open questions? Is the girl, for instance, whose week-day work lies in office or school, to do her mending on Sunday, instead of some evening by a trying artificial light? And may the male worker, whom Providence has relieved of that particular care (possibly *his* mending is added to the girl's pile), suitably overhaul his bicycle, or begin building a garden shed, on his day of rest? Perhaps one principle may be seized just here; it can hardly be best, in non-essentials, to follow a course which may offend or scandalise our neighbour. If spending our Sunday in games, or anything else, means that his is to be spent in annoyance, is it not time to stop? But very often our neighbour or friend does not in the least object to freedom in Sunday pursuits; on the contrary, he is anxious for us to join him in things which he finds quite proper—to 'have a good time' in various ways, to play dance music, for instance, to sing comic songs, to revel in Sunday papers—here is a big question by itself—and other literature of a miscellaneous kind. Let us suppose that all these things are innocent in themselves—if not, the question is changed, and easier to answer; but even so, assuming them harmless, have we or have we not a solid reason to offer for objecting to them as Sunday pursuits? Why do we feel that certain things are not quite suitable to the day?

All of us here present come to church on Sunday. Is *that* a thing that we are going to prescribe with any decision as suitable for others also? We like to come; need they make any effort in the matter, if they do not like it quite so much? And is twice a Sunday, or once, to be our standard or theirs? I will not press, just now, the question of obligation to our church as a body of people who have, in various ways, helped and enriched our life; that is an appeal which seems both justified and likely to be effective, if we wish to urge this matter on others.

And here comes in a further question—whether there is any moral difference between keeping constantly to one church and now and then sampling others for a change. But we cannot advise church-going as simply a social duty, nor yet as a habit of our social circle, for it is highly probable that our circle, or that of our scholars, includes many people to whom the idea of such a practice simply does not occur.

The Day of the Best Things

The question which lies behind all these Sunday problems can no longer be evaded. Are we prepared, of our own free choice, to make Sunday what our forefathers have made it as by Divine commission ?—is it to be in any sense 'the Lord's day,' and, if so, how can we best make it so ? Is there another side of our nature, besides body and brain, which needs its sabbath renewal, and is there, yet further, a claim from outside ourselves upon our Sunday thought and service ? It is just possible that those who believe most firmly in the reality and practicality of religion, and in its relation to everyday life, may be inclined to make less of the seventh day for this very reason. The assertion, made against sabbatarians that every day is the Lord's day, may possibly lead its supporter to confuse, in practice, 'none in particular' with 'none at all.' With all our fear of what has been called a 'water-tight compartments' system of religion and life, do we not ourselves find it most wise to set apart, not only a fraction of each day, but a good portion of the seventh, for realising better the proportions of life and duty, and reflecting a little 'whence we came and whither wending' ? Even those whose lives have been spent in the most constant devotion to the Highest have found it not less, but rather more valuable, to spend part of their rest from daily work in more special thought and worship. The fuller our life is of occupation, the more it needs this refreshing ; the more good and worthy that occupation is, the more, again, does it call on us to renew our fitness to pursue it.

Here is perhaps a standard for our Sundays—which, of all the alternative pursuits we have noticed, helps us most or hinders us least in *this* way ? And, in particular, are we quite sure of thinking regularly of these deeper things if we do not come to church to be reminded ourselves, and to remind each other of them ? It is a further question, and a difficult one, how far we are prepared to impose these ideals upon others. We do not want to be priggish or pharisaical ; we do not, most decidedly, want to be laughed at —perhaps this is one of the strongest motives of the 'natural man ;' and we may fear to damage our own cause by seeming strait-laced and absurd, and censorious of others. The fear of piosity is an especially modern danger to piety—an old-fashioned word, that, which has fallen on evil days. But all this is a problem for the individual, and to the individual it must be left.

Shall we not try, at least, to put this kind of ideal before ourselves and others ? —a Sunday of *the best things*, whereof the best clothes and food are themselves the child's symbol—the best thoughts, the best speech, the best music, the best books (a special 'Sunday book,' in an extended sense of that rather forbidding term, is a treasure from week to week), the best companionship, of human friends and the Divine Friend, the best service, amid our holiday, of man and of God. If this involves exclusion, so does every kind of choice ; many are ready enough to exclude from their Sunday the very things we value most in ours. The debate as to essential or non-essential will continue, but there will be *some* essentials beyond doubt or discussion ; and the happiest Sunday that ever dawned will be that on which the greatest number of men, women and children can say, and mean it from their hearts, 'I was glad when my companions said unto me, Come, it is our holy day.'

B.-P.'s Books for Boys: THE MATABELE CAMPAIGN, by Sir Robert Baden-Powell (4d.). The Boy Scout Movement is a peace movement ; but whether it is a movement in time of peace for the promotion of education in warlike affairs, or a movement for the promotion of peace, is left undetermined. Judging from our own well-remembered feelings when we gloated over all the war-books we could lay hold of, what time we belonged to a gang, this book will induce boy readers to conclude that fighting and winning gory battles is *the* thing above all others to desire in manly men. And with this idea we are out of sympathy, even though the writer of the book is 'B.P.' himself. *Deadwood Dick* and *Buffalo Bill* used to call for enterprise on the reader's part. Now we have a widespread movement giving countenance to reading which is unsuitable for youth. War, and such a war, is not 'fun.'

HEROES OF FAITH

ALBERT THORNHILL, M.A.

VI.—Bilney

CAN a coward become a hero ? I think he can, but it is very hard for him to succeed. You perhaps know the story of the fall of Peter. He was headstrong and impulsive, and therefore apt to say more than he meant, and to do things without thinking whether they were right or wrong. Jesus knew this, and feared that when the testing time came Peter might fail. He told Peter so : ' This night, ere the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.' The answer was an angry denial. That night Jesus was arrested by the Roman soldiers. At the sight of the soldiers all except Peter fled. So far he stood firm. He even crept into the courtyard of the high priest's house where Jesus was being tried, for he wished to be near him and to know the worst. But when the serving-maid unexpectedly accused him of being one of Jesus's disciples, Peter thought only of his own peril and told a lie. Again he was accused of following Jesus, and again he denied it, and a third time repeated the lie, with oaths and curses, in the hearing of Jesus. Then a cock crew, heralding the dawn, but that day brought no peace to Peter. For just as the sound of cock-crow died away he saw Jesus look upon him with sorrowful pity. Then he remembered his broken vow and went away and wept very bitterly.

That, however, was not the end of the story. He knew he had been guilty of a cowardly act of treachery, but he resolved that he would redeem his character. And so he rallied the scattered disciples and led them forth after the death of Jesus on their great mission, and in that mission gave his own life for the spreading of the religion of Jesus. Peter, by his life and death, proved himself a hero and martyr, in spite of the fact that he had failed at a time of sudden testing. Life is full of such testing times for us all, and it is not all who prove heroic *every* time. There are times when, to our shame, we fail. Perhaps fear possesses our hearts, or we prefer to be on the winning side and shirk plain duty ; or, perhaps, we do not stop to think, or to ask conscience what is right, and before we know it we are hurried into treachery or sin. Deep, then, is our shame, but let us remember in our sorrow that if Peter fell, he also rose ; he was ' baffled to fight better.' Our task will be harder for our failure ; but if we try we shall triumph. In a recent war an officer was commanded to attack a great fortress. He knew that with the few men at his command the task was all but impossible, and that not many would live through the fight. Thinking of this he grew pale. A young lieutenant saw his white face, and said, ' Why, you're afraid.' ' Yes,' answered the officer, ' I am afraid, but I shall do it.' And he led his men on to triumph.

I want to tell you of two men who, when first tried, failed like Peter, because they were afraid of death, but triumphed over their fears and became noble heroes of faith. The first of these was

Thomas Bilney

We have heard of Bilney before, for it was he, you remember, who persuaded Hugh Latimer to leave the church of Rome, and to take the teaching of Jesus for his guide rather than the decrees of the Pope. There must have been something very attractive about Bilney, for we find that many others were won over by him to the Protestant faith, and quite six of them were ' faithful unto death,' preferring to be burned at the stake rather than acknowledge the right of the Pope to lordship over their consciences. How did Bilney come to have this wonderful power over others ? From childhood to manhood he had lived among the learned men at Cambridge, quietly drinking in all that they taught about the laws that governed the church, and the laws that should govern men. In this he was like St. Paul, who, as a young man, carefully studied all the laws of Moses. Like St. Paul, too, he found it very hard to obey all the laws. They were so many ; they were so difficult to remember ; and they always seemed to be saying ' Thou shalt *not* ' to every wish of his heart. This made Bilney feel very wretched and very sinful. He went to older and wiser men for comfort and advice ; but they could only tell him to be more attentive to the laws of the church. It was just at this time that the New Testament, edited by Erasmus, came into his hands. While others were trying to find fault with this great work, Bilney read it to find out the true teaching of Jesus, which he tells us

seemed to him more pleasant than honey. In this way he learned that fasting and watchings, and masses and pardons, and pilgrimages and many other things connected with popery did not affect his life, or make men really better ; only faith in the goodness and love of God, and the desire to be like Jesus could do that. Having these longings in his soul he found he did not wish to break the law any more. He did not *need* the law or the Pope to guide him. Conscience and Christ were his guides. He was above the law ; he was free.

Bilney and his friends

Rejoicing in this freedom, he longed to make others free. And so, whenever he saw a man like Latimer boasting about the power of the Pope, he waited patiently until he could talk with him alone. Then he would tell him, in quiet and earnest tones, of his own experience, and, step by step, would persuade him to follow his example and read the beautiful story of the life and teaching of Jesus, and the noble letters of St. Paul and St. John, and the rest. Few to whom he spoke in this way could resist his tender pleadings. So many did he win over that he has been called 'the framer of the University of Cambridge in the knowledge of Christ ;' and so nobly did Latimer, and Barnes, and Frith, and others whom he influenced carry forward his message that his single life greatly affected the course of the English reformation. Not only did these men go forth as preachers and teachers in London and other parts of England, they also went to Oxford as teachers of those who were to teach the people. For when, in 1524, Cardinal Wolsey wished for a number of teachers of the Bible to settle at a college he had built at Oxford, he selected several of Bilney's friends from Cambridge. Thus the silent influence of Bilney's faithful life spread to many parts of England.

Bilney as a Preacher

Still, there were times when Bilney felt that he ought not to hide his light under a bushel. And so we find him travelling about from place to place condemning papal practices and preaching the pure word of the gospel. All about the eastern counties of Norfolk and Suffolk he wandered with a companion, gathering the people together in the churches, and when, as sometimes happened, his enemies dragged him down from the pulpit, assembling them in open spaces. We hear of the great work he did at Ipswich and Hadleigh. The latter was a town of clothiers, but so strong was the influence of Bilney upon the people that it was said that the place seemed filled with a population of learned and devout ministers. Here, as at Cambridge, Bilney ministered to the prisoners and the sick, even tending those suffering from loathsome diseases in the lazar houses. As Fox says :—'He was a great doer in Cambridge, and a great preacher in Norfolk and Suffolk, and at last, in London, he preached many notable sermons.' But the hour of sore trial was near.

Bilney's Fall

He was arrested because he preached against setting up an image in the church of St. Magnus, and the Bishop of London committed him to the Tower on the ground that he taught the people heresy. A companion arrested on the same charge recanted ; that is to say, he admitted that these opinions were wrong. Bilney, also, was asked to recant ; but for three days he stoutly refused to do so. The Bishop, however, tried hard to persuade him, and under the pressure and advice of many friends, who wished to save him from death, Bilney at last yielded. How bitter must have been his soul when he was forced to carry a bundle of fagots to St. Paul's, and stand like a culprit while the sermon was being preached from the pulpit there ! Like Peter, he wept tears of grief and penitence ; he, who had led others in the right way, had proved a traitor to his conscience and his Lord. He returned broken-hearted to Cambridge, and Latimer and his friends noticed a sorrowful change in him. So grief-stricken was he that his friends were afraid to leave him alone. They stayed with him day and night to comfort him as they could. But no comfort would serve. They read to him passages from the Bible in the hope that these would bring him peace, but Latimer says that to read these to him was 'as though a man had pierced him through the heart with a sword.'

What a lasting lesson that picture of the remorseful Bilney must have left with Hugh Latimer ! How it must have made him and others feel that to die bravely for the truth was a thousand times better than

to purchase life with a lie! But Bilney lived to strengthen his brethren in a nobler way than this.

Bilney's Repentance and Triumph

After two years of repentant sorrow he appeared in their midst one night at ten o'clock and told his astonished friends that he was about to leave them and his beloved Cambridge for ever. He gave them all a loving farewell and then departed. When next they heard of him, he had been preaching again in Norfolk. At first he visited the friends who had been influenced by his former visits. Then he went into the fields and openly confessed his own sin to the thousands who came to hear, urging them not to be guided by the counsels of men, but to be ready to lay down their lives rather than deny the truth. Was he ready now to be true to the death? Yes, he was ready. The inward struggle was over; heroism had conquered cowardice; the way was clear. His hour had almost come. Not long afterwards he was arrested again. For what crime? For giving a copy of Erasmus's New Testament to a woman whom he had converted. For this he was tried and condemned to death, because in this act of pure kindness there was supposed to lurk treason to the king, and an insult to the Pope. On the Friday before his death friends found him contentedly eating his supper. They were amazed at his cheerfulness. They had come to pity him and to comfort him, and he was happier than them all. They tried to assure him that God's spirit would cool the heat of the fire by which he was to die. For answer Bilney put his hand in the flame of the candle and held it there without flinching; then he said that though he felt it hot and knew that the fire would burn his body, yet his soul would be purged by it.

They took him to the Lollard's pit to burn him; and there, having urged the people to deal gently with those suspected of having brought him to his death, he bore the fatal flames without a murmur of complaint, and so won a martyr's crown.

Bilney's Bible

If ever you go to Cambridge, you will do well to visit the library of Corpus Christi College, and while there ask to be shown the Bible which Thomas Bilney used. Open it at the 43rd chapter of Isaiah and you will find a pencil mark made by the martyr opposite the words :—' When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee. When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burnt.' Thus had Thomas Bilney fortified his faltering faith, and won his way to martyrdom for the free circulation of the truth of God and the right of each human soul to interpret it.

VII.—Cranmer

Nearly all the heroes and martyrs whose lives we have been considering were helpers in a great movement known as the Reformation. Each of them did much to free England from the control of the Pope, and to give the Bible to the people in a form in which they could understand it. The chief leader in this great movement was Thomas Cranmer. As in many another case, greatness and responsibility were thrust upon him; he did not seek them. It came about in this way: Cranmer was staying at the house of a relative at Waltham in the year 1529, because the plague was then raging at Cambridge. It so happened that King Henry VIII. was at that time visiting Waltham Abbey. Two of his courtiers named Gardiner and Foxe, being unable to find accommodation in the Abbey, were lodged in the same house with Cranmer. These were old friends of Cranmer at Cambridge, and they afterwards became Bishops of Winchester and Hereford. Over supper they told Cranmer that the king was in great perplexity because the Pope of Rome kept delaying his decision as to the legality of the king's marriage to Katharine. Whereupon Cranmer exclaimed that the right way to settle such a question was by appealing to the Bible; and that there was no need to go to Rome for that purpose, as there were learned men in England able to advise the king on the true meaning of Scripture. This advice suited the king's wish; and by acting upon it Henry put an end to the rule of the Pope of Rome in England.

Cranmer's Early Life

Now, who was Thomas Cranmer, that he should be so bold as to advise so serious a step? He was just a patient, plodding scholar and teacher of Cambridge—a man whose whole mind was intent upon quiet study, who never thought or hoped

that he would become the chief ruler of the church in England and the most important adviser of the king. He was born at Whatton, near Nottingham, and at the early age of four had lost his father. At fourteen he was sent to Cambridge, and by diligent study succeeded so well that he was made a fellow of his college at the age of twenty-two. He was at Cambridge when Erasmus came there to teach Greek. He studied Greek that he might be able to read the New Testament in the language in which it was first written ; and Hebrew that he might read the Old Testament in the original ; and from the year 1519 onwards he read his Bible regularly in those languages. He was known as a 'scripturist,' and insisted upon those whom he examined in theology studying the Bible before he would grant them his certificate. So deeply did he love the Bible that he longed to see it take its rightful place in the churches and in the homes of the people. He especially wished that all the creeds and claims of the church of Rome should be judged by the Bible, and if they did not agree with its teaching they should be rejected. In this he was at one with Colet and Erasmus, and Latimer and Bilney, each of whom desired that all questions of life and faith should be judged by the Bible, which they believed to be 'God's word written.'

Cranmer as Archbishop

By chance Cranmer gained the ear of the king, as we have seen, and the king appointed him, much against his own will, Archbishop of Canterbury. It was a rapid rise, and would have made many dizzy with vanity and self-conceit, as a similar rise had made Wolsey. Not so Cranmer, for he was meek as well as wise, and while he used the great income now at his command to help others, his own habits of life were simple and plain, as before. He was especially kind to refugees who had fled to England from Germany, where many were being persecuted for the sake of religion ; and great numbers came daily to his palace at Lambeth for food and alms. It is said of him that he was almost untainted by ambition. He had begged to be excused the king's service, and had tried to avoid being appointed Archbishop. But the king insisted, and Cranmer had to bow. From the first he had many enemies who plotted against him, among them Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who has been mentioned above, and the Duke of Norfolk, neither of whom liked the reforms on which Cranmer had set his heart. If the king had not defended him he would have been thrust into the Tower and perhaps slain, for those were days in which men thought it right to destroy their enemies for reasons which now seem very slight. The Duke and a number of courtiers complained to the king that Cranmer had made three-fourths of the people heretics by altering the prayer book and bringing in a catechism in accordance with Bible teaching. They therefore asked the king to commit him to the Tower. At first Henry consented, but in the dead of night he went by boat to visit Cranmer, and warned him of his peril. Cranmer, however, did not suspect danger, and urged that he might be put upon his trial. But the king warned him that false witnesses would probably be induced to tell wicked lies against him, and that as the Jews crucified Christ, so he might suffer. To save him from this peril Henry handed him his royal signet ring, which gave him authority over his foes. Next day Cranmer was summoned to appear before the court, and was kept waiting more than an hour among the servants. When at last he was admitted he demanded to know who his accusers were ; but, without answering, the courtiers were about to commit him to the Tower when he produced the royal ring, and in the king's name commanded them to refer the matter to his Majesty. When, crestfallen, they appeared before the king, Henry severely rebuked them, and told them that England contained no more faithful subject than Archbishop Cranmer. The king trusted him to the end, and died grasping his hand.

King Edward's Adviser

Then that noble youth Edward VI. became king, and Cranmer was also his sponsor and adviser. Cranmer it was who crowned the young king and gave him advice suited to the grave duties of his high position. 'Reward virtue,' said he ; 'punish crime ; repress violence ; and execute justice throughout your realm.' These are ever the duties of rulers, but there were special tasks laid upon the young king that day, and of these Cranmer also reminded him. Said he : 'You are

bound to see that God is truly worshipped, that idolatry is destroyed, that images are removed, and the tyranny of the Roman bishops overthrown.' The youthful monarch needed no special exhortation to duties such as these. He too, loved the Bible and intended to make it his guide. For six bright years he was faithful to his high and heavy trust. Then successive illnesses laid him low, and he died of a wasting disease. All through those prosperous years Cranmer bore himself with gracious kindliness and treated all persons with good nature and benignity. It was said of him that 'he caused no man's death.' Rather did he forgive his enemies. 'Do my lord of Canterbury an ill turn, and you make him your friend for ever.' Such was the common tribute to his forgiving nature.

Cranmer Degraded

But now there came a sad change over England. Queen Mary, who succeeded Edward, was, as we know, an ardent believer in the church of Rome, and her one desire was to undo the work of reformers like Latimer and Ridley and others. Now Cranmer had not only favoured the Reformers, he had led them. The English prayer book and articles which appeared in King Edward's reign were the results of his selection. Parts were written by his own hands. The Queen hated the prayer book and looked upon Cranmer as her chief foe, and told him to keep within Lambeth Palace. Seeing that times of peril were near, Cranmer advised his friends to flee. When they urged him to do the same he refused, saying, 'The post I hold and the part I have taken require one to take a stand for the truths of holy scripture,' and he added, 'I have resolved to lose my life rather than desert my post.' That was bravely said and nobly resolved, and in the end the vow was grandly kept. But there was a painful interval in which Cranmer faltered, like Bilney and like Peter.

He was taken to Oxford, having been declared guilty of treason, and was put into the common jail along with those who were charged with theft and crimes of violence. It was a loathsome prison, and Cranmer was cruelly treated. His official robes were taken away and coarse clothing given him. He also suffered from want of proper food. This went on for a long time, during which Cranmer was forced to argue his opinions with Roman Catholic champions. Meanwhile, friends abroad and in England sent petitions to the Queen telling her that Cranmer was her truest friend and best adviser, but she would not listen. She said she would either have Cranmer a papist or no Cranmer at all. But neither threats nor persuasion could move him to accept the rule of the Pope, though he was ordered to appear at Rome within eighty days. Being in prison he could not very easily obey; and, indeed, he was not willing, for all his life he had protested that the Pope had no right to judge English subjects.

Cranmer's Fall and Triumph

At last the Pope sent a letter declaring Cranmer guilty of heresy. The punishment for heresy was death by burning. Cranmer knew this well. Even while he awaited his sentence Ridley and Latimer were led past his cell to the stake. He looked after them, and devoutly falling on his knees prayed God to strengthen their faith and patience. Was it this mournful sight that shook his own courage? or was it exhaustion following upon his harsh treatment in prison that paralysed his will? Whatever the cause, it has to be confessed that, under the inducement of pretended friends, Cranmer signed a document (some say he signed several) denying the truth of the doctrines he had taught. Even so, it was decided that he should die. But before he died it was hoped that he would confess, in the presence of the people, that he had taught them falsely. For this purpose he was brought into the church of St. Mary, Oxford. After tearful prayers, in which the people joined, he prayed for himself, and rose to speak. How great was the amazement of the multitude when Cranmer, instead of recanting, uttered the following words:—'Forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, therefore my hand shall be first punished; for if I come to the fire it shall first be burnt. As for the Pope, I refuse him as Christ's enemy and anti-christ, with all his false doctrines!'

His accusers were furious with disappointment. Dashing from them, Cranmer rushed to the stake at the spot where Latimer and Ridley had died. There they chained him and let the fagots spread

around. In the midst of the flames, where the fire raged most fiercely, they beheld him holding his right hand, as he cried, 'Oh! this unworthy hand.' And there he steadily kept it, except when he raised it for a moment to wipe his brow. Thus he, too, died; and by the noble heroism of his death, he, like Bilney, redeemed the painful lapse that would otherwise have eclipsed his faithful life.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HEAVENS

E. ROSALIND LEE, B.A.

O Lord, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory upon the heavens.
. . . . . .
When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
. . . . . .
O Lord, our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Psalm 8.

'The heavens declare the glory of God.'
—*Psalm* 19.[1]

No one, who has ever been out on a bright starlit night, especially in an open moorland country, will have difficulty in appreciating the feelings of the Psalmist. Of all the wonders of Nature, surely the most awe-inspiring is the silent grandeur of the heavens. To watch a glorious sunset first of all, then, as the sunlight fades out of the sky, to catch a glimpse perhaps of the Evening Star, and later on to see the stars appear one by one till at length the whole sky is dotted over with them—this cannot fail to impress the onlooker with wonder and awe. To the Psalmist it taught humility and reverence for his God. Over all men in all ages it has exercised some degree of influence which has found expression in various ways. Our primitive ancestors worshipped the sun, moon, and stars themselves, and down to comparatively recent times, an unusual appearance in the sky, such as an eclipse or a comet, was believed to foreshadow some terrible disaster. In the Middle Ages men called astrologers won fame and power by professing their ability to discover whether the stars were favourable or otherwise to some dangerous undertaking. Great importance was attached to the question of being 'born under a lucky star.'

In the twentieth century, with our greater knowledge of them, the heavens have lost their terrors for us, but they are still as fascinating as ever, and the more we learn of them the more we are impressed not only with the glories but also the wonderful order of the Universe. Five years beforehand the Nautical Almanac is published telling in exactly which direction to look for a particular star at a particular time, making the stars a guide for our ships. Astronomers know exactly when and where to look for a comet whose path only leads it into our range of vision once in seventy-five years.

How have we gained all this accurate knowledge? How is it that astronomers can speak with such authority on these matters? The full answer to these questions would take volumes, but the chief cause is that for hundreds and thousands of years men have asked the question *why* certain regular and irregular changes have occurred in the sky, and have not been satisfied with the answer of tradition, but have watched the stars carefully and have tried unceasingly to find out the true answer. We cannot point to one man and say that he explained the riddle of the universe once and for all, for that would be an impossible task for any human being. It has only been by the labour of countless men all down the ages that the foundations of our present knowledge have been laid. Each stone has cost hours of patient, honest work, and many stones have had to be discarded in the course of building. For even when there appears to be ample proof, an astronomer can never be sure that some fresh discovery may not upset his most cherished theory. Two conditions in particular are essential for the satisfactory study of the stars—accurate observation and correct reasoning. Neither alone is sufficient. One man may collect a mass of facts about the stars, yet give us no key to the reason of their movements. Another may evolve a beautiful theory of the Universe, based on certain observations, but if these observations are inaccurate, the theory is useless.

The story of one discovery alone will

[1] Note, also, Hymn by Addison, 'The spacious firmament on high.'

show the methods by which our knowledge has grown. One of the first things we learn at school is that the earth is shaped like an orange, that it spins round on its axis once every twenty-four hours, and that it also moves round the sun in the course of a year, tracing a path which is technically called an ellipse, but which we may consider for ordinary purposes a circle. We soon learn also that there are other bodies moving round the sun in the same way and that they, together with the earth, are called by the same name of planet. This is considered nowadays an established fact, and we should think a man absurd, who declared that the earth did not really move at all, but that the sun and planets were all in some way attendant on the earth, which was immovable, and the centre of the universe. Yet four hundred years ago this was the common belief, and it was considered heresy to question it. This theory is known as the Ptolemaic System. The former which we hold now is called the Copernican System. The Ptolemaic System is so called in memory of its founder, Ptolemy. He was a Greek who lived in the second century A.D., and his theory is set forth in a book called the Almagest. His theory was partly the original work of Ptolemy himself, but much was avowedly based on the work of earlier Greek astronomers. These in their turn had based their first theories on the observations of an earlier race still, the Chaldeans. Thus we see that Ptolemy's work alone was the outcome of centuries of observation and study. Although in the light of modern knowledge it has become necessary to discard Ptolemy's scheme, yet it must not be forgotten that the Almagest was a most valuable addition to the knowledge of the time and contained indeed much that is as true to-day as then. At any rate, truth and error were alike so lucidly set forth that it was fourteen centuries before his erroneous arguments were finally refuted, and then not without a struggle. Practically no progress was made in astronomy in Western Europe after the appearance of the Almagest until that Revival of Learning at the close of the fifteenth century, which produced a spirit of inquiry in all branches of knowledge.

In 1472 for the first time a comet was observed in the interests of science and not as an object of superstitious terror. Signs of renewed life were also shown by the occasional conflicts which arose when it was found that Ptolemy and Aristotle—the two supreme authorities in the Middle Ages—did not always agree. Meanwhile the Arabs had been doing good work in observation and calculation, and their improved methods were finding their way to Europe, the most familiar being their system of writing numbers which replaced the clumsy Roman figures.

The time was ripe for breaking fresh ground in astronomy, and in 1473 was born the man who could do it—Copernicus. A native of Thorn, on the borders of Poland and Prussia, Copernicus began his astronomical and mathematical studies at Cracow. Later on he studied law and medicine in Italy. At an early age he was appointed canon at Frauenburg in the diocese of Ermland. He retained this position for the rest of his life, but before settling there permanently he spent a few years as medical adviser and companion to his uncle, the Bishop of Ermland, at Heilsberg. It was here that he probably began his great work which was to revolutionise astronomy. In 1512, on the death of his uncle, he finally moved to Frauenburg. Here he seems to have led an active life, attending to his canonical duties, helping the poor with his medical knowledge, and taking part in the politics of the district, but he nevertheless contrived to give much time to his favourite study—astronomy. His one absorbing desire was to make his work as perfect as possible. He was absolutely indifferent to fame, and was in no hurry to publish his views. On one occasion he declined to advise on the reform of the calendar on the plea that there was so little reliable information about the sun and moon at that time.

It gradually became known, however, that he held the startling doctrine that the earth was in motion and the sun and stars at rest. Luther described him as a fool for holding such opinions, obviously contrary to the Bible, and another reformer suggested that his views should not be tolerated. Copernicus took no notice of these comments, but went on quietly with his researches. He was sufficiently the child of his age to be glad to have behind him the authority of certain obscure

ancient philosophers who had suggested as a mere fancy the idea of the earth's motion. They had, however, supported their views with no substantial proofs, so that as far as evidence and argument went Copernicus had to make an entirely fresh start. At last, towards the end of his life, he was persuaded by a young astronomer, Rheticus, to allow his work to be published. Unfortunately he was too old and ill to look after the publication himself, with the result that a preface was introduced by another hand, making it appear that Copernicus only considered his theory as a convenient hypothesis for calculation. This was not at all the real intention of the author, who believed his theory was the true explanation of the problem, but it was too late for him to make any alteration, for he only received a copy of his book on the day of his death.

The book was received more quietly than might have been expected, perhaps because it was too hard for any but the learned to understand, but its publication was none the less important. In future the world had two theories of the Universe to choose between and argue about. That Copernicus had proved his case would not have been claimed by the author himself. The most he attempted to show was that his new theory could be made to fit in with known facts at least as well as that of Ptolemy, whilst it avoided many of the difficulties of the older system.

Before the Copernican theory—or any other theory—could be proved there was much spadework to be done in the way of accurate observation. Many astronomers realised this and set to work to remedy the defect, the most famous of them being Tycho Brahe, a Danish nobleman, who conducted his observations in magnificent style on the island of Hoeen. But more serious than errors in observation were certain mechanical problems which no one was capable of solving at that date. For these to be cleared away, the world had to wait for perhaps the most familiar figure in the history of astronomy—Galileo.

At a very early age this brilliant Italian showed his independence of thought by venturing to doubt the truth of certain doctrines of Aristotle, which no one else had dreamed of questioning, and when he attempted to test them by the extremely novel method of experiment, people were horrified. For instance, it was considered a most unseemly proceeding when he climbed the leaning tower of Pisa to test the time occupied by a body falling from a height, and as a result completely refuted Aristotle's theory. By means of his new instrument, the telescope, he made many interesting discoveries, the most notable, perhaps, being the discovery of Jupiter's moons. Each fresh discovery confirmed him in his agreement with Copernicus' views, although at the outset he had been very cautious in adopting them.

Meanwhile the powers at Rome had gradually become aware of the dangerous and heretical opinions expounded by Copernicus, and in 1616 certain books containing his views were put upon the Index. Galileo was warned that he must be careful what he taught and must on no account defend the obnoxious doctrines. This admonition troubled Galileo very much, for he was a devout Catholic, and had no desire to disobey the injunctions of the Church. Yet as time went on he became more and more convinced of the truth of the Copernican theory. He seems to have remained on surprisingly good terms with the authorities at Rome for some years and even obtained permission with some restrictions to publish his great work on the subject, 'The Dialogue of the Two Chief Systems of the World, the Ptolemaic and Copernican.'

Unfortunately the scant respect which Galileo paid to those who differed from him, and the personal bitterness with which he had entered into controversy with his opponents, made him many enemies, and these were not slow to point out the 'heresy' contained in 'The Dialogue.' They raised such an outcry that the Pope regretted having given his sanction to the publication, and within a few months after its appearance in 1632 Galileo received orders to appear before the Roman Inquisition.

Galileo was by this time old and failing in health. He seems to have been completely unnerved by the summons. He delayed complying with it for as long as possible, but at last, in the spring of 1633, he was obliged to submit, and then followed the famous trial which it must be confessed reflects little credit either on Galileo or on his judges. He does not

appear to have suffered much physical hardship, being treated with exceptional consideration, but the moral effect of the ordeal was piteous in the extreme. In the course of the trial he even offered to write a continuation of the Dialogue upholding the Ptolemaic theory. This was not accepted, and he was finally convicted of heresy. He was given to understand that many of the penalties which usually followed such a sentence would be remitted if he would 'abjure, curse and detest his heresies in public.' It is disappointing to find that Galileo consented to do this. Before the whole court he went through the abjuration, 'cursing the false opinion that the sun was the centre of the Universe and that the earth moved.' Tradition says that he added under his breath 'But still it moves.'

In spite of his repudiation of the new doctrine, Galileo's book had done its work. In effect, though not in form, the Dialogue was an unanswerable vindication of the Copernican system. In scientific circles the new doctrine was scarcely ever again questioned, and the increase in accurate knowledge during the last three centuries has all confirmed us in the belief that 'still it moves.'

Such is the way in which one link has been forged in the chain of knowledge, and as fresh links are added, in astronomy as in other sciences, it becomes always more clear that there is throughout the Universe an obedience to law and order which makes the words of the Psalmist appeal to us with ever increasing force.

NOTE.—Sir Robert Ball's Books on Popular Astronomy are recommended to those interested in the subject.

A COMMON WANT in schools is more teachers. Scholars are admitted every Sunday, introduced by others who wish their friends to share the good times they enjoy. So classes become unwieldy, absences are not noticed, and success of numbers leads to loss of numbers. Many of our classes ought to be divided. Division leads to losses; true, but the scholars who have been trained to regard the school and its effectiveness as of greater importance than their own liking for a particular teacher, often prove the best assets of the school. Let us get more teachers; the variety of sensations provided by a Sunday class should appeal to all who pride themselves on their 'sporting' quality.

ISAAC T. HOPPER

A Hero of the Anti-Slavery Movement

HENRY RAWLINGS, M.A.

THE names of some of the men and women who helped the slave to freedom are well known—such as that of William Lloyd Garrison. But in this, as in every struggle against a great social wrong, the principal leaders could have done little without a multitude of supporters, some of whom were hardly less worthy of remembrance than those leaders themselves. Such was Isaac Tatem Hopper. His name is seldom heard, at least in England, but Garrison himself, accepting an invitation to stay with him in New York, wrote: 'There is no one in the world for whom I entertain more veneration and esteem than for yourself.' Would it not be surprising if the life of the man thus addressed were not worthy of some record?

Hopper was born on December 3rd, 1771, near Woodbury, in West New Jersey. The home was a very simple one. It was a mere hen-house which Isaac's father had been allowed to bring away from the old homestead when he married. He had set it down near a great oak in the midst of five or six hundred acres of wild woodland, which he was to clear and farm. He and his wife had been neighbours and playmates from childhood, and this was the very spot which they had long ago fixed upon for their future dwelling.

A Country Boy

Isaac was the second child born in the adapted hen-house, and he was eighteen months old before a new log-house was built for the family. The boy was put to work on the farm as soon as he could use a hoe. This does not mean that he had no schooling. Like most country lads in America at that time, he went to school for the three mid-winter months of the year, but that was all. On a farm everyone was required to make himself as useful as possible; there was always so much to be done. And, besides, Isaac's parents were connected with those serious, practical people, the Quakers, who have always honoured labour as well as learning. All the same, however, young Hopper seems to have found or made plenty of time for frolic. Both body and mind were full of

energy, and he was constantly doing surprising things. While he was a small fellow in petticoats, he ran into a duck-pond to explore its depth. His mother pulled him out, and said, 'Isaac, if you ever go there again I will make you come out faster than you went in.' He thought to himself, 'Now, I will prove Mother to be in the wrong, for I will go in as fast as I can, and surely I can't come out any faster.' So into the pond he went forthwith. There is logic for you! He could not resist the temptation to play harmless jokes, and sometimes thoughtlessness made his ingenuity dangerous. He not only used to tie boughs together in narrow paths, so that persons coming along in the dark night should suddenly meet strange hindrances; but one day he suspended a brick among some boughs and almost caused his schoolmaster in playing with him to get a stunning blow. One way in which he liked to show his strength and agility was by climbing trees and coming down quickly head foremost, clinging to the trunk with his feet. Courage seemed to be natural to him. One day, after war had broken out between the American Colonies and the Mother-country, Isaac found some British soldiers who had been scouring the neighbourhood for provisions, on the point of driving off his pet lamb. Exclaiming, 'That's my lamb, and you shan't have it,' he sprang into the cart and cut the rope which bound the lamb's feet. A struggle followed, and a British officer rode up to see what was the matter. 'They've stolen my lamb,' said Isaac, 'and they shan't have it! It's my lamb.' 'Is it your lamb, my brave little fellow?' said the officer. 'Well, they shan't have it. You'll make a fine soldier one of these days.' That prophesy was fufilled, though not as the officer meant it. There are different kinds of soldiers. Hopper became a fighter, but he used no bullets and bayonets, and he destroyed no lives, though he saved many.

Self-Conquest

But first he had to fight with himself, for he soon realised that he was liable to go wrong through selfishness, as well as mere thoughtlessness. He and his brother used to catch partridges with traps, and one day he was so disappointed to find a bird in his brother's trap, but none in his own, that he pretended the bird was his, and continued to claim it even when the brother pointed out the feathers left in his trap. But the lie made him so unhappy that first thing next morning he went to his mother and confessed it, and she sent him to confess to his brother.

Being a very bright, manly boy, he was trusted to carry grain several miles to mill, when he was only eight years old. On one of these occasions he arrived just as another boy, who preceded him, had alighted to open the gate. 'Just let me drive in before you shut it,' said Isaac, 'and then I shall have no need to get down from my wagon.' The boy patiently held the gate for him to pass through; but Isaac, without stopping to thank him, whipped up his horse, arrived at the mill post haste, and claimed the right to be first served, because he was the first comer. When the other boy found he was compelled to wait, he looked very much dissatisfied, but said nothing. Isaac chuckled over his victory at first, but his natural sense of justice soon suggested better thoughts. He asked himself whether he had done right thus to take advantage of that obliging boy? The longer he reflected upon it the more uncomfortable he felt. At last, he went up to the stranger and said frankly, 'I did wrong to drive up to the mill so fast, and get my own corn ground, when you were so obliging as to hold the gate open for me to pass through. I was thinking of nothing but fun when I did it; here's sixpence to make up for it.' The boy was well pleased with the amends thus honourably offered, and they parted right good friends. The lad who could 'own up' and make amends in this way had the right spirit in him.

'The Little Governor'

At the age of nine he began to drive a wagon to Philadelphia to sell vegetables and other things from his father's farm, and in the market there his dress and air and manner of doing business soon won for him the name 'The Little Governor.' He wore the usual broad-brimmed hat, small clothes and stockings, but he distinguished himself by cleanliness and neatness, and even by special smartness; for with money earned by catching and selling rabbits he bought brass buckles for his knees and shoes. What a quaint picture does this description call up in the mind. No wonder customers liked to

deal with this self-respecting little fellow. And part of his self-respect was transparent honesty. Asked one day what was the price of a pair of chickens, he replied, ' My father told me to sell them for 50 cents., if I could ; and if not, to take 40.' This pleased as well as amused the customer, and he promised to buy from the boy as much as possible, paying him, as he did in this instance, the current price.

Love of Animals

Three other things should be mentioned now concerning these early years. And, first, his love of animals and his interest in their ways. He had a remarkable gift for winning the confidence of wild creatures. He did not like to confine them in cages, but he generally had some pet, a squirrel or a crow, for instance, which, though living in a free condition, would come at his call. Experience soon revealed to him that to watch the habits of animals and to enter into their feelings was nobler and gave more satisfaction than the thoughtless passion for hunting. One Sunday morning when he was about ten, he invited a number of boys to join him in pelting the swallows which built their nests in a barn near by. The party set off in high spirits, but before they reached the place young Hopper was in another mood. He had realised the meaning of what he proposed and how cruel it was. He told his companions this, and surprised them by refusing to go further. He was a first-rate shot with bow and arrow, or with gun, and one day he proved his skill by sending an arrow through two king-birds at once. The king-bird, though handsome with its orange-coloured crest, is not loved by the farmer, because it destroys bees. This pair had their nest in the orchard, and the boy may well have thought, ' we cannot have such enemies so near.' But he knew that the nest contained young ; and after he had killed the parent birds, the thought of the hungry and unprotected little ones would not leave his mind. Never after this could he find any pleasure in shooting.

Men who made History

The second fact which must be mentioned is this, that he had opportunities of seeing many of the famous men of the time, and especially General Washington and Benjamin Franklin. These men used to get clothes made by a certain tailor in Philadelphia, who was uncle to young Hopper, and sometimes had him on a visit. Those were his chances for admiring his heroes in person, and well did he use them. One day he followed Washington a long distance when he left the shop. The great man observed the boy's rapt admiration, and was amused by it. At last he turned round suddenly, touched his hat and made a low bow. Young Hopper was so surprised and bewildered that he could only blush and walk away ; he did not even return the bow. He had not yet learned the forms of reverence, but the whole incident shows that he had the spirit of it.

A Solemn Vow

The third fact is this, that when he was only nine years old, he made a solemn vow that he would be the friend of the negro slaves as long as he lived. This came about in the following way. When he drove the cows to and from pasture, he often met an old coloured man named Mingo. His sympathising heart was attracted towards him, because he had heard the neighbours say he was stolen from Africa when he was a little boy. One day he asked Mingo what part of the world he came from, and the poor old man told how he was playing with other children among the bushes, on the coast of Africa, when white men pounced upon them suddenly and dragged them off to a ship. He held fast hold of the thorny bushes, which tore his hands dreadfully in the struggle. The old man wept like a child when he told how he was frightened and distressed at being thus hurried away from father, mother, brothers and sisters, and sold into slavery in a distant land, where he could never see or hear from them again. This was enough for Isaac Hopper. Slavery must be cruel, if it began in such a way.

A Runaway Slave

He was just over sixteen when he was first called upon to take an important practical step in fulfilment of his vow. He had gone to Philadelphia and was helping his uncle in his business. One day a sea captain named Cox, who had come to the house on a visit, brought in a negro named Joe, and declared that he was a runaway slave, for he knew his master in Bermuda. Joe admitted that

he was this man's slave, but denied that he was a runaway. He had, he said, accidentally missed the ship by which he should have returned to his master after a leave of absence, and was only waiting for the next; in fact, he was delighted to see someone whom he knew and who could help him. Cox seemed satisfied, and said that a vessel would sail for Bermuda in a few days, and meanwhile Joe must remain in his charge. That evening Hopper found Joe sitting in the kitchen, utterly miserable; and, doubting whether he had told the real facts about himself, he took him aside and said: 'Tell me truly how the case stands with you. I will be your friend, and come what will, you may be certain that I will never betray you.' Joe's first reply was an anxious, piercing look. Only after being most solemnly assured of goodwill and secrecy did he confess that he was a runaway, that he had been let out to work on board a ship going to New York, that he had longed for freedom, and on arriving in port had escaped. Hopper at once resolved that Joe should keep his freedom, and, after consultation with a neighbour, he had a plan ready. Joe was to make his way to the house of a certain Quaker many miles north of Philadelphia, where he would receive kindness and be put into a situation. Meanwhile, however, Captain Cox came and ordered Joe to go on board a vessel by which he had booked a passage for him. Joe thanked him and went. But one evening before the vessel started he obtained leave to return to the house for some clothes, and was soon on his way to his promised refuge. Walking through the moonlight night, he arrived at dawn and found every promise fulfilled. He enjoyed freedom and comfort to the end of his days.

Fierce-Heart

This was but the first of a long series of rescues in which Hopper played a prominent part. He became renowned for the courage and skill with which he managed such cases, and the slaveholders in time learned that his quiet tenacity and his resourcefulness were more dangerous to them than more violent methods. These latter methods were no small temptation to the muscular young fellow, and only by stern self-discipline did he get control of his impulsive strength. One incident in particular shews us what a fight he had still to carry on with himself. Among his uncle's apprentices was a big bully who liked to play the tyrant over his younger and weaker companions. Many a time was Hopper's indignation aroused by the conduct of this brute, but he felt he could do nothing to check him. One day, however, when he himself was knocked down by the bully for no reason whatever, he was so angry that he exclaimed, 'If you ever do that again, I'll kill you. Mind what I say. I tell you, I'll kill you.' The Samson laughed as at an idle threat, and the next morning he knocked him down again. But Hopper's threat was not idle. He armed himself with a heavy iron-bar, stood behind a door as the apprentices went into breakfast, and as the tyrant was passing, struck him to the ground. Hopper calmly took his place at the table, and when his uncle asked why an apprentice was absent he promptly answered, 'I've killed him.' 'Killed him?' exclaimed the uncle. 'What do you mean?' 'I told him I would kill him if he ever knocked me down again,' rejoined Hopper; 'and I have killed him.' Nor was the statement far from the truth. It was some time before his victim recovered consciousness, and it was many weeks before he was well. This incident shews with what energy Hopper's feelings might flame up. But it was a lesson to him. When he saw the helpless body of his companion, and realised what murder was and how near he had come to this crime, he was filled with horror and remorse. He realised that no feeling, however natural or just, should be allowed to blaze uncontrolled.

Joins the Society of Friends

Before many years Isaac had taken two important steps. At the age of twenty-two he applied for admission into the Society of Friends, and was received as a member. He could not claim 'birthright membership,' for his grandfather had been disowned by the Society for marrying a non-Friend, and his father, though worshipping and associating with Quakers, had never applied for membership. Isaac's application was, therefore, the result of serious thought and deliberate choice. It was in fact the result of convictions which he never changed. To the end of his life he loved and reverenced Quaker principles, as he understood them. As we

shall see, however, his loyalty to these principles brought him into much conflict, even with Friends themselves. But at the age of twenty-four he took a step which made this and all other troubles much easier to bear—he married a young woman whom he had known from childhood, who was as good as she was beautiful. It was not an easy life which he asked her to share with him. Economy and simplicity had to be the law of his home, for though the income which he earned as a tailor (his sole employment for many years) was but moderate, the family to be provided for became in time numerous, and he was always swift to spend both his strength and his means in helping the oppressed and afflicted. Chief among the latter were the coloured people, both free and enslaved. The free needed above all things education, and so we find Hopper acting as one of the managers of a school for coloured children, and also teaching two or three nights a week in a school for coloured adults. But as a member of the Pennsylvania Abolition Society, his principal work was helping fugitive slaves. Sometimes the fugitive was enabled to keep altogether out of the hands of the pursuer; sometimes the pursuer caught him (or pretended to have caught him, the victim being another slave, or even a free man), and then a protector was needed to point out before the magistrate any defect in the evidence. This was most necessary, because the magistrate received a fee for every case in which he yielded to the slave-hunter's claim and no fee when he rejected a claim. But sometimes, of course, the claim was proved, and then Isaac Hopper had the sad experience of seeing poor liberty-loving men and women dragged back into slavery. During his forty years' residence in Philadelphia, Hopper came to the assistance of slaves, or persons seized as slaves, in about a thousand instances. The stories told in the following chapter will shew what kind of work he set himself to do, and how he did it.

Picture Illustrations.—It is a great help in the telling of a story if the teacher is able to hand round to the class photographs or sketches illustrating the subject. Accordingly, our Association has had reproduced the six illustrations which Miss Alice M. Odgers prepared for Miss Lee's book on *The Pilgrim Fathers*. The price for the six is twopence.

NOTES FOR TEACHERS

I.—XI.

Pearls

MRS. THACKRAY, B.A.

I.—Why are Pearls Valued?

We all know that gems and precious stones are often included amongst the most prized possessions of the wealthy. Why are they so valued? They are not necessary for a man's health. They do not usually help directly in his work. But they are beautiful and rare, and consequently much desired.

With young children a few precious stones should be shown, if possible, and their beauties pointed out. The iridescence of pearl might be compared to rainbow tints.

Now beauty (although an abstraction, as they will understand from what they have learned of 'abstract nouns' in school) is a very real influence in the world. Perhaps poets and artists realise this the best. Keats says (Endymion):—

> 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
> Its loveliness increases: it will never
> Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
> A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
> Full of sweet dreams and health and quiet breathing.'

And also:—

> 'Beauty is truth; truth beauty.'

Wordsworth, too, found in the sight of the 'host of golden daffodils' a joy which was often again experienced in imagination.

> 'For oft when on my couch I lie
> In vacant or in pensive mood,
> They flash upon that inward eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude.
> And then my heart with pleasure fills
> And dances with the daffodils.'

Nature is full of beauty which the observant and loving eye can make into 'a joy for ever.'

It is even more true that beautiful words and deeds have a lasting influence, as we so often sing in our hymn:—

> 'Kind words can never die.'

Pearls have always been considered amongst beautiful gems from the earliest times. The Romans in the time of their greatest wealth attached great value to them. We get some idea of the extravagance indulged in during the days of the

Roman Empire from the story that has come down to us about Cleopatra. She is said to have dissolved and swallowed a pearl worth more than £80,000.

At the present day it is stated that pearls will soon be as valuable as diamonds, as the pearl fisheries in the Persian Gulf are much less productive than formerly.

II.—Where do Pearls come from?

Where do these much prized pearls come from? From the shell of a humble little sea animal—an oyster. What an unlikely place to look for treasures!—many fathoms deep in the water and hidden away inside a strong shell. We are reminded of the words of Gray:—

'Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.'

We may have to look among the treasures of a wealthy lady for a valuable pearl, but if it could tell us its history it would take us back to a very lowly origin.

The lesson to draw from this is that things of beauty are often found where we might least expect them, *e.g.*, pearls from the shell of an oyster; diamonds from the rough soil; flowers from the dark earth. The mental and moral worlds are equally full of surprises. The highest development is not always found where we should imagine the most favourable conditions existed.

The Jews expected their Messiah to come wth honour and glory, and were slow to recognise the value of the work of Jesus. The words, 'Is not this the carpenter's son?'—'Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?' show that the speakers had not learned the lesson that the pearl has taught us.

Another thought suggested to us is that, though our own spheres of life may be very humble, they need not be devoid of beauty. It is not external surroundings (although the importance of these must not be overlooked) but the inward spirit of love that was in Jesus which most affects our lives. We often sing:—

'There is beauty all around
When there's love at home.'

That is the kind of beauty we can all try to have in our homes, although we may not be able to buy costly pearls.

III.—How are Pearls Formed?

We must not be content with knowing that pearls are found in oyster shells, but must ask, 'How did they get there?' Well, this is the story of the pearl.

The oyster has an extremely tender body and is covered by a hard shell which might be very rough and painful if the oyster had not been endowed with a wonderful power. The oyster is able to make (secrete) a thin film-like substance and spread it over the rough, hard surface. When the substance hardens it is the beautiful smooth and shining mother-of-pearl. But the single pearls we have mentioned have, I think, even a more wonderful origin.

Sometimes a little foreign particle gets inside the oyster shell and the oyster cannot get rid of it. You know how painful it is when a speck of dust flies into your eye. Well, probably the particle will irritate the oyster as the dust irritates you. The oyster, unable to force the particle out of its shell, begins to form the pearly substance in layers round it like the layers of an onion, until the cause of annoyance is transformed into a pearl.

Surely there is a valuable lesson for us here. The little cares and annoyances which so often spoil our lives might be turned into centres of beautiful influences. The oyster overcomes its difficulties by building up a beautiful structure. So we may overcome our temptations by developing and building up the nobler parts of our nature.

Help may be gained for older scholars from Gannett's *Blessed be Drudgery*, and, more advanced, Horace Bushnell's *The Moral Uses of Dark Things*.

IV.—'The Pearl of Great Price'

Read Matt. xiii., 45, 46.

We are, in one respect, all like this merchant seeking goodly pearls—we are all striving, whether consciously or not, to obtain things that we value, *e.g.*, knowledge, money, fame, truth, good health.

There are two questions we have to ask ourselves.

1. Are we good judges of value?

This merchant was undoubtedly a good judge of pearls and went on seeking until he had obtained what he wanted. The greater part of the life of each one of us is engaged in seeking after some valuables, and it is an important matter that we should not be wasting our time for 'imitation pearls.'

It would take too long to go through the list of things which people are seeking for

to-day, but in our best moods we all realise that 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,' Prov. xxii, 1; and 'The price of wisdom is above rubies' (margin, pearls), Job xxviii., 18.

If we want to know what Jesus valued we have only to read the Beatitudes. Those who wish to belong to the 'kingdom of heaven' must value what Jesus valued more than earthly possessions.

2. Are we willing to make sacrifices to obtain what we desire?

When the merchant found the Pearl of Great Price he gave all that he had for it. Now, we cannot gain anything of real value unless we make some sacrifice for it; *e.g.*, to obtain knowledge we must sacrifice the time and effort we might spend in amusement; to obtain and deserve 'a good name' we must give up selfish aims and desires; to obtain 'wisdom' we must give up a conceited spirit and learn from all that Nature and man bring before us. Thus, though we should all value a costly pearl, let us learn to value more the wealth of beautiful character. After counting the cost, let us all willingly choose the highest, remembering the words of Jesus, 'What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and forfeit his life (soul)?' (Mark viii., 36.)

Parables in the Old Testament

EDWARD MORGAN, B.A.

V.—Trees Choose a King

JUDGES IX., 7–15.

NEARLY everybody knows the parables in the New Testament. Beautiful as the parables of Jesus are, they are not the only parables in the Bible. I propose to tell one beautiful parable which, perhaps, not very many children know.

Before the Jews had chosen their kings, the country was ruled by wise men, who were called judges. A certain man, however, Abimelech by name, determined to make himself king. He was the son of Gideon, a great warrior who had led the people of Israel against the Midianites and won a great victory. But Gideon was too wise to accept the position of king. His son, however, was not so wise, and, because of his father's valour, many of the people were willing that he should be king. A wise man, Jotham by name, felt that it would be for the good neither of the people nor of Abimelech that the latter should be king, for the country was not in a sufficiently settled state to maintain a monarch, nor was Abimelech suitable for such a responsible position. So he told the following story:—

Once upon a time the trees made up their minds that they wanted a king; so they went first to the olive tree and said, 'Come, and we will anoint you king, and you shall reign over us.' But the olive tree refused. 'As I am now I am honoured by God, because I do a useful work, and by man because my fruit gives him both food and oil.' Then the trees went to the fig tree and said to her, 'Come thou, and reign over us.' But she answered, 'Foolish indeed should I be to waste my time waving over the trees and ceasing to yield my sweetness and my good fruit as God commands me to.'

The trees were rather disappointed, but they nevertheless went to the vine and invited her to become queen. She replied that her fruit was a blessing to men, and by producing it she gave pleasure to God. Thus the useful trees, one after another, refused to give up their work, which they felt was of service, for a life of foolish pomp and useless idleness.

In despair they went to the least useful and the most insignificant of all the trees, the bramble, and he accepted their invitation at once with a great deal of boasting and bluster. Naturally the forest refused to acknowledge so undignified a leader, and instead of being a real king, the bramble was laughed at and flouted by all.

The parable teaches several lessons: firstly, that useful toil brings more honour than idleness, no matter how dignified it may be; secondly, that to accept a position for which one is unfitted is to court disaster; thirdly, that, as the old adage has it, 'Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

VI.—The Ewe Lamb

2 SAMUEL XII., 1-4.

The next parable occurs in the history of King David. He was a great and good king, and his subjects naturally admired and loved him very much. At

the same time, like all men, he was not without faults, and he could be both harsh and cruel. One day while he was walking on the roof of his house—as you know, in the hot countries of the East, the people use the roofs of their houses as we should use a sitting room, and sometimes even for a sleeping place—he saw a very beautiful woman and fell in love with her. She had, however, a husband already, so David wickedly determined to have her husband put to death. Uriah, for that was the husband's name, was a good soldier and a loyal subject, but David, notwithstanding, sent word to the general in command of the army that Uriah should be placed in such a position that he would be certain to be killed. This was done, and David made the woman his wife.

At that time there was in the land a great prophet named Nathan. He was very indignant when he heard of the king's treachery. He felt that God would be angry with him, and determined, although he might incur the king's anger, to tell the truth. So he went and said to him, 'There were two men in a certain city. The one was very rich, and had everything he could wish for. The other was a poor man who had no wealth at all. But he had a little ewe lamb which he had reared and nourished himself. This was a great treasure to him, and he was very fond of it. But a traveller passing that way took the lamb from the poor man and passed over the rich man's flocks, although the latter had so many.'

When the king heard this story he was very angry, and said that a man who could perform so mean an action was worthy of death. He commanded that he restore to the poor man four lambs, because he had had no pity for the poor man's loneliness. Then said the prophet, 'Thou art the man.' When the king realised that the prophet had thus cunningly told the story of his own wickedness, he was very ashamed and humbly confessed his sin before God, and was penitent.

Selfishness can bring great misery upon others. It was a very brave act of the prophet thus to declare to the king his indignation at so great an act of injustice and wrong doing. It is possible for us in our selfish moments to have such an inflated idea of our own importance as to be blind to the injury we may do to others.

VII.—Two Brothers

2 Samuel 14.

There is another story told about David which is worth re-telling. David had a son, Absalom, of whom he was very fond. Another son of David, Amnon, grievously wronged Absalom's sister Tamar. Her brother, justifiably angry, determined to take the law into his own hands. He waited until a seasonable opportunity came and then had Amnon put to death.

David in anger refused to see his son any more, and Absalom was compelled to flee the country. But, in his heart, David was always yearning for his son Absalom, and longing for his return, although he felt he could not recall him.

Joab, David's general, was very fond of Absalom too, and he made a scheme to induce the king to send for him home again. He sent a woman dressed in mourning, who went before the king and fell on her face at his feet crying, 'Help, O king!' The king bade her tell her story. She said that she was a widow, whose two sons had had a bitter quarrel and one had killed the other. Then, she went on, all her relations and friends had called upon her to give up the other son that he should be put to death as a murderer. She pleaded that if she did so she would be left alone in the world, and asked for mercy, because the deed was not done in cold blood, but in the heat of great anger. The family, however, were inexorable, so she had come to ask for his assistance. The king assured her that under the circumstances he would listen to her appeal and would allow no harm to come to her only remaining son. The woman, however, to the king's surprise, did not move, although he had granted her petition. Looking up at him she craved permission to speak further. When he gave her permission she said, 'How is it that you, the king, will not allow your own son the forgiveness which you think should be given to others. You have declared yourself guilty out of your own mouth, for,' she went on, 'life is like water which we can spill upon the ground, but never gather up again. Even God himself does not for ever withhold his forgiveness from his children. The people have been afraid to speak unto the king, yet even as he will grant me, I am sure, the life of my

son to comfort me, so will I plead with him to receive his own son.'

The king at first refused to see Absalom, though he allowed him to return home, but afterwards, because of his love for his son, was fully reconciled. There is a sad ending to this story, for Absalom, in his long absence and through brooding over his own wrongs, lost his love for his father and endeavoured to win his father's throne for himself—a foolish attempt, which resulted only in his own death.

VIII.—'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'

F. J. GOULD

VERY blue was the sea in Trinity Bay, and sweetly mild the ray of the sun on a February morning. Some way out the white edge of a field of ice told how frost had nipped the Atlantic and bound it in its chill fetters. The bay faces eastwards on the coast of Newfoundland, and here dwell many thousands of hardy fisher-folk in huts and cottages, hamlets and villages.

Seals were reported. Though the season was winter, the day seemed so cheerful and gay that the men resolved to set out hunting among the ice-floes. The first boat had approached the ice and the crew caught sight of seals, and they fired guns to signal to those behind that all was well. More than two hundred men were now crossing the bay.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, Death overclouded the heaven. The north-east blast blew up a storm and whipped the sea into a terrible spray, and as the spray fell it froze, and it covered boats and men as with sheets and coats of glass. Some men rowed boats to the north side of the bay. There were six boats. In one of them the force of the water broke the oars, and a shout of dismay arose. The neighbours in the nearest boat took the crew on board their own small vessel, though it was now in peril of sinking with the weight. One old man died straightway, and already the ice clung to him like a stiff cloth; with a few quick, sorrowful farewell words his comrades threw the body into the sea. They rowed again for life, battling for an hour against wind and wave. The brother of the dead man also died, and he, too, was committed to the cold deep.

'Land!'

Amid the misty spray, one of the men had caught sight of the rocky shore close at hand. They struggled out, those who were able, the rest were dragged along by their companions. Four of them died just after landing.

There men saw the poor fellows crawling up the slippery rocks. They hurriedly lit a fire, and then hastened down the cliff and helped the seal-hunters to climb up to the fire. The party then turned toward the nearest house—two miles off. Two more died on the way. Frost-bite gave dreadful pain to all who were left alive, and he suffered most who had given his mittens to a lad.

A number of boats had managed, with immense effort, to gain the shelter of various small coves and inlets. Then it was observed that several boats were still out, and night was near, and they were far from home. The hunters who had just reached land in safety had a hasty meal, rested a little while and warmed their stiff limbs and then . . . . .

Then,—oh, courage of the great human heart!—then they put out to sea again to rescue their brethren.

Two boats were launched. One came back, having found no castaways.

The crew of the other caught sight of a light on the beach. Howling was the wind and dusk had fallen on Trinity Bay.

Quickly the rescuers rowed towards the light. A fire, nearly out, flickered on the shore, striving to keep up its flame amid the angry winds. Three fishermen, pale and faint, were seeking to cheer and sustain two comrades who were yet paler and yet more faint. And the dim light of the fire revealed two corpses lying in the boat on the beach, and each dead man was sheeted thick in a case of ice.

The five living men were taken to a cottage, and the breath of their life was restored to them.

All that Saturday night the tempest roared, and so loudly that you could not hear the sobs of the women; but they did sob.

Next day, at noon, a woman on the shore discerned afar on the surface of the wide bay, a tossing boat. They gave the alarm. Life-savers at once manned vessels and hastened seawards. Not only one boat drifted,—there were four others —carrying seventeen fishermen in all. The crews of seven boats had passed the

thing on the ice; breaking up two boats, they had made a fire. They killed two seals, and so they ate meat and warmed themselves.

Other boats were seen and rescued that Sunday, and twenty-seven more lives were saved.

Tears for the lost.

Honour to the memory of the dead.

Reverence for the courage that helps and saves amid darkness and ice.

Such is the courage that keeps the old earth sweet and fresh day by day, and makes it worth while to live and love and see the sun.[1]

IX.—Forgiveness

F. NORTHROP, B.A.

Preparation: Read the Lord's Prayer as given in Luke 11^{2-4}.

A man strikes another; how shall that man deal with him, forgive him or retaliate? A man owes us money; two courses are open; he may be given time in which to pay, or his goods may be sold and he and his family plunged into wretchedness—if he has no goods, he may be thrown into prison.

Story: Matt. 18^{24-35}.

(1) A certain king, considering about his money, found he had lent one of his subjects nearly £2,000,000; the man could not pay, and must be sold as a slave. Miserable, he fell down, begging for mercy and asking for time to pay off his debt. Was this likely? No. But the king had pity and forgave him his debt. What would be the feelings of the man at such great leniency?

(2) Now this man, leaving the king's presence, met one who owed him about £3, and demanded it of him. His debtor asked for mercy; he could not pay then. What should the man have done? What did he do?

(3) Then his fellow servants told the king, who was very angry that the man who had been pitied should have no pity for another. He therefore ordered the hard-hearted fellow to be delivered unto the tormentors until he should have paid back every penny.

Application: The master is God; we are all fellow servants. Since we owe all to God, and our lives are so full of imperfections, we should be very forgiving towards any offence committed against us, and should try to love our fellow servants, in faint imitation of the love God shows to us.

X.—Courage

MARY FRANCIS

Readings: I. (*a*) II. Chron. 32^{1-8}.
(*b*) St. Luke 15^{11-29}.
II. Brushed by an angel's wing. ('Helper,' p. 54, year 1900.)

Compare the story of Hezekiah and Joshua. Note their courage and ultimate success.

Meaning of Courage, viz., strength of heart. Refer to stories of Richard Cœur de Lion (Derivation of name), also refer to belief of savage African mothers.

Various kinds of Courage:—

(*a*) Courage to *fight* or *defend*. Any great battle would illustrate. Tell story of Horatius or the Burning of Moscow.

(*b*) Courage to *explore*. Refer to Sir John Franklin, or Dr. Nansen, or Lieut. Shackleton.

(*c*) Courage to *labour*. Homely or local examples will be most effective, especially those of men and women who have conquered striking difficulties. Teachers can always refer to the mother, who is usually the first to begin and last to cease from labour.

(*d*) Courage of *principle*. Suggested examples: Story of Daniel and his three companions; St. Paul as the persecutor, afterwards the missionary; Luther before the Diet of Worms; William Lloyd Garrison and his efforts to abolish slavery in the United States; Tolstoy the great Russian reformer.

The predominant feature of Courage should be help or protection for the weak. A courageous person must not only have the ability but the *desire* to accomplish his aim.

Application.—Our churches and schools stand for definite principles which we believe to be the highest and best for us to follow. This work can only be carried on in the future by the younger members now in attendance. Let them bravely strive to advance the cause nor be overcome by doubt or difficulty.

[1] Adapted from details given in Dr. W. T. Grenfell's *Vikings of To-day*, chap. xvi. This interesting work deals with medical work among the fishermen of Labrador.

Learn.—'Be strong and of a good courage, be not afraid nor dismayed' (II. Chron. 32^7, part).

NOTE.—Much of the plan and several of the illustrations of this lesson are taken from F. J. Gould's Lessons on Courage: 'Book of Moral Lessons,' Series I.

XI.—Boys and Girls of the Bible

Miriam (Ex. i., ii. 1–10).

H. FISHER SHORT

Like the little Israelitish maiden who befriended the great Syrian soldier Naaman the heroine of the story we are about to recite appears before us without a name. In the Book of Numbers (xxvi. 59), however, we learn that she was called Miriam. Moreover, our story provides another parallel between Naaman's little benefactress and the sister of Moses and Aaron, in that Miriam also was a slave girl.

The Hebrew race to which she belonged were the bond-servants of the Egyptians and the account of their enslavement is bound up with her story.

How did the Israelites come to be in Egypt at all? Many years before the time of Miriam, Joseph, one of her ancestors, was sold by his jealous brothers to some Ishmaelitish merchants who sold him again in Egypt. Though a slave, Joseph, by his character and ability, rose so high in the estimation of Pharaoh that, at thirty years of age, the king made him what we may call the Prime Minister of the country. 'See,' said Pharaoh 'I have set thee over all the land of Egypt; only in the throne will I be greater than thou.' About this time his native land of Canaan was suffering from famine, whilst Egypt was enjoying prosperity. What could be more natural than that Jacob, the Hebrew patriarch, should send his sons to Egypt to buy corn? This he did, with the result that not only were the brothers reconciled, and Joseph and his father re-united, but also, at the invitation of the good king, the whole tribe of about seventy souls, with all their flocks and herds, left the barren Canaan and settled in the fertile Rameses in Egypt. Here they lived, increased in wealth, and greatly multiplied in number. Generation succeeded generation, until Jacob and Joseph and the benevolent king were numbered with the dead. Meanwhile the children of Israel multiplied so greatly that they over-ran Egypt. As the historian has it, 'the land was filled with them.' This greatly alarmed the then reigning Phoraoh who, it appears, knew nothing about the greatness and wise administration of their ancestor Joseph. Calling together the Egyptians, the king said, 'Behold the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we; come, let us deal wisely with them, lest they multiply and it come to pass that, when there falleth out any war, they also join themselves to our enemies, and fight against us, and get them up out of the land.' The Egyptian method of 'dealing wisely' was to try and kill off as many as possible by working them to death. Cruel taskmasters were set over them, who made them work hard at all kinds of farming and building, the principal tasks being the building of two treasure cities for the king, Pithom and Rameses. But this severe and inhuman treatment failed, for the more they afflicted them the more the Israelites multiplied and grew.

The king, therefore, tried another method to reduce them. Calling the Hebrew nurses who attended to new-born children, he commanded them to kill all the baby boys as soon as they were born. This they had not the heart to do, and when the angry and defeated Pharaoh demanded an explanation, they put him off with an excuse. Determined not to be beaten, he issued a terrible decree to his own people, commanding them to seize all the baby boys belonging to Israelites and throw them into the river. Here we meet with our girl heroine.

A little baby brother had been born in the home, and the Bible tells us he 'was a goodly child.' Of course he was, and they wanted to keep him. But outside were the cruel, watchful Egyptians who, if they caught sight of him, would seize and destroy their treasure. The poor mother was determined they should do nothing of the kind, if she could prevent it. So she put him in a place of hiding and there kept him safe from harm. At the end of three months, she felt it would be unwise to hide him any longer. What should she do? She decided to commit him to the care of God. Very lovingly, and with many tears we may be sure, she made a curious and cosy little boat of bulrushes. Making sure that it was perfectly watertight, she put the baby in it, and then set it

afloat among the flags at the edge of the river. Some distance from the spot, she set her young daughter Miriam to watch and see what would happen. How the girl would long to run for a peep at her little brother!

A strange thing happened. The king's own daughter, accompanied by her maids, came to bathe at the river, and her eyes fell upon the strange little vessel floating among the rushes. Being curious, she sent one of the maids to fetch it, and when she raised the cover she saw the bonnie babe. The child began to cry, and though she saw that he was a Hebrew babe, she felt very sorry for him. Seeing that the face of the princess was full of tender pity, Miriam approached her and said, 'Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?' The lady said, 'Yes, do.' Without wasting a second, she carried the good news to her mother, who came at once. And the king's daughter said, 'Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.' And the mother received back her babe and carried him home again. What if she could not keep him always, she had saved his life. For some time at least she could press him to her mother heart. And how pleased the sister would be to have her little brother back again.

When the child was old enough to be removed to Pharaoh's palace, the mother, her labour of love ended, carried him to the king's daughter who adopted him as her son. 'And she called his name Moses: and she said, Because I drew him up out of the water.' Though he was brought up amid the splendours of the Egyptian court Moses did not despise his own race. Under the guidance of God, it was he who led them out of their cruel bondage; and to this day, among the Jews the world over, no man is held in greater veneration than he.

Though Great Britain is not the land of Egypt, and we are not the slaves of a cruel Pharaoh, though little girls are not afraid of cruel people running off with their baby brothers to destroy them, the story of Miriam is in many ways true of many little women of our land. Except in a few cases, for which we are very sorry, wherever there is a little baby boy he is, like Moses, 'a goodly child'; nay, in loving sisters' eyes, he is just the best and sweetest and most beautiful baby that ever was born. There never was such a pretty little face or such a merry little smile as his. Mother understands every little gurgle and every little crow, and so does baby's sister. She, too, in her own way, is also baby's little mother, attending to his wants, kissing away his tears, entering into his pleasures, and loving him all the time. This is exactly what Miriam did so long ago in distant Egypt.

There is something else in the story just as true as this. The mother of baby Moses put him in a wonderful little vessel called an ark and set him afloat on the brink of the river: which is a parable of what happens to every baby in the world. Thousands of mothers would like their little boys always to remain babies; but that cannot be. Infants grow up into youths and youths into men. In babyhood, they are set afloat on the brink of that wonderful river we call life, and slowly sail away from babyland. What kind of a voyage they will make is known only to God, who knows all things. Some of the little ships are so frail that their voyage is soon ended; but the little mariners are not lost. God is watching, and his bright angels descend and catch them up and, on wings of light, they sail away through the upper sea of blue to the enchanted isles of the blest. But others sail away on long and adventurous voyages. Happy for them if, when they embark, they are under the watchful eyes of a loving sister Mary. By her affectionate care and wisdom, they may be enabled to make a voyage as illustrious as that of Moses; out of their helpless infancy they may grow into greatness and renown.

Two Examples of Sisterly Devotion.—The first is a girl who, like Miriam, had two brothers of whom she was the only sister. Her name was Henriette,[1] and she lived in a little hill-town in Brittany. When she was twelve years old there was born a little baby brother who, to the end of her life, became the object of affectionate care. Owing to the 'dreamy unworldliness' of the father, the family were in straitened circumstances. Hence, instead of making the mother happy, the new-born babe wrung passionate tears from her, coming, as he did, at a time of misfortune. To little Henriette, however, he came as a

[1] See also THE QUARTERLY, vol. I, pp. 163 ff.

precious gift, and she cherished the gift with her life's love. Long years afterwards in a tender book entitled 'My Sister Henriette,' written after she had passed away, the brother said, 'She attached herself to me with the whole strength of her tender and timid heart, athirst for love. I still remember my baby tyrannies; she never chafed at them. Dressed to go out to some girlish party, she would come to kiss me good-bye and I would cling to her frock, beseech her to turn back, not to leave me! And she would turn round, take off her best gown, and sit at home with me.' This spirit of self-denial for the sake of her brother was the keynote of her life. She was an ardent Roman Catholic and, like many another maiden of that persuasion, she felt herself called to enter a convent. But another and a stronger call supervened. It was her love for her brother who seemed, at the time, to need leading and protection. The story of her angel guardianship is too long to be told here. It lasted through life, and evoked in the brother a rare and deep response. Ernest Renan, for that was his name, became one of the most distinguished men France ever produced. The book by which he is best known, 'The Life of Jesus,' is dedicated 'To the pure soul of my sister Henriette,' the sister whose patient and utter devotion had contributed so much to his happiness, his development, and his fame.

The second example also bears some striking resemblances to our story; for she had two brothers of whom she was the only sister. Altogether there had been seven children, but four of them had died in infancy. But there was a greater parallel still; her name was Mary, which is the English equivalent of the Hebrew name Miriam. She lived in the great city of London, and when she was ten years of age a baby boy was born. She was just old enough to be trusted to nurse the new little brother, and she became a mother to him. We are told that he was a 'weakly but very pretty babe.' He would certainly be pretty to the proud and loving sister who made him her special care. We read that 'as his young mind unfolded, he found in her intelligence and love the same genial fostering influences that had cherished his feeble frame into health and strength.' In after years, when both were grown up, the brother wrote a sonnet to his sister which concluded as follows:—

> 'Thou to me didst ever show
> Kindest affection; and would oft times lend
> An ear to the desponding love-sick lay,
> Weeping my sorrows with me, who repay
> But ill the mighty debt of love I owe,
> Mary, to thee, my sister and my friend.

Truly has it been said that the story of Mary's life is mainly the story of a brother and sister's love. I hope you will read that story for yourselves, and also the beautiful 'Tales from Shakespeare' they wrote together. The mention of this 'favourite' book will enable some of you to guess that the names of this loving sister and brother were Mary and Charles Lamb; names loved and cherished by thousands of hearts who know the meaning of human sympathy, and have an ear for the quaintly sweet music into which, in his essays, Charles has turned our mother-tongue.

May the girls, for whom this lesson is prepared, cherish their baby brothers and sisters; may the boys do the same; and if they have no baby brothers and sisters of their very own, may they love all the little ones they know, and they will find the world full of angels, for, as Jesus said, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

THE HUMAN TEACHER

A. STEPHEN NOEL

The Human Teacher is a man of genius, a direct product of sanity. He does not profess to be equal to his task, but acknowledges his task worthy of him. He never mopes over lost souls, and he never cries over spilt milk. His voice is not heard, and he does not strive nor cry. His patience is inexhaustible, his countenance is lit with an eternal smile, which means joy and peace. He is not an academic product, for he is the product of sanity. He knows little Latin and less Greek, his pedagogic knowledge has been gained in experience, and he, perhaps, has not heard of child-psychology. These things are the adjuncts of college professorship. The true teacher is above them. His mission is the mission of the poor man; his way is the way of the wayfaring man, though a fool, and he seldom errs therein. Because he is not worldly-wise, he is not in the limelight,

but he may be seen any Sunday among his boys, with the things of his soul at the tip of his tongue. His is the silent influence which knows little of the world's great controversies, but much of things that count. His is the pedagogy which teaches through the lesser things and drives home a lesson from the little events of the day. His teaching is topical, his life is narrowly environed, the objects of his study are the common property of all his class. It is he who knows the why and the wherefore of each local event, and who can, with evident satisfaction to his hearers, dilate upon the inwardness of some parochial disturbance. He knows what the man of wisdom is above, and he appeals where the man of wisdom fails. His strength is seldom in his intellect, but always in his heart. He has a sympathetic tone, an attractive manner, which may be the possession of the humblest. He has his heart and soul for a text-book, others' hearts and souls for his note-book. He sees clearly the essential things of his narrower life and knows how eternally grand are the purposes of man. Week after week, when the weary work of daily bread earning is over, he may be found in solemn consultation with his class. A deep hush pervades the group, as they listen to that which they know, and are led by slow, imperceptible steps to see some glimmering of the nobler visions beyond. And as they listen, their daily surroundings are transformed, and in the place of a sordid town of practical utilitarianism rises a Garden of God, where men walk and work as in his presence. Never does the human teacher allow himself to float away into dim and obscure lands; he, with his God, is here among the boys to whom the two alike minister. Here, in this world, is the basis of his thought; here, in this town, this village, this spot, in the smoky, murky way, walks God, and his hand is in that sordid event of yesterday. The human teacher is the product of sanity; he knows, as none but a human teacher can know, that interest is begotten by interest, and that not only charity, but knowledge also, begins at home.

Be not, therefore, discouraged, little band, who weekly toil that the kingdom of God may come. If capability seems weak, if achievement seems impossible, remember you are ever in the ways of God. Be a human teacher, simple and upright, fearing God and man, seeing divinity in all and love of God in the poorest. If the human boy be overbearing and the human girl to you a weariness, be of good cheer and of clearer vision. Can you see no interest in those things that lie around you? It is only to the inhuman teacher that the ways of the work become a burden, to whom the evil day comes at least once a week, and the years draw wearily by, to whom the works of Nature are a closed book, and the sun and moon and stars darkened; it is only to him that the doors of the soul are closed, and only he who finds the place darkened when he looks from the window; it is he who is afraid of that which is high, and says, 'I am not fit for it;' it is he who finds fear in the way and in whom desire faileth. He is the preacher who says, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity,' for he has forgotten his Creator in the days of his youth; he has not looked for him here in this world, in this room. He has sought him afar and not found him, and so he fails. But the human teacher finds God in all and God in the least, and casting his bread upon the waters, finds it after many days.

Therefore, let every teacher be a human teacher, and teach that which he knows, tempered by faith and inspiration. For there is nothing purely material, all is alive with God, and the common round and trivial task in which he and his class alike engage, is next Sunday to be glorified into human nobility and possibility.

GREEK LITERATURE IN SCHOOLS

A Dialogue

H. M. SELBY

Interlocutors—Fred and Gertrude, cousins, on terms of bantering friendship.

Fred: Why, you extraordinary girl! A little while ago I found you getting up a Sunday school lesson out of Shakespeare, and now I do believe you are actually using a Greek book for the same purpose.

Gertrude: Yes, I am. You know I am taking the first class of girls while Miss Armitage is away. I am giving them a

course of lessons on 'Some Heroines of the Greek Drama.'

F.: Clytaemnestra for one, I suppose. She is an excellent example to hold up to your class.

G.: Am I to conclude that you regale *your* class with disquisitions on Jael and Jezebel?

F. (laughing): A fair retort, I must admit. But what set you off on making Sunday school lessons out of Greek plays?

G.: Well, when I was rummaging among old magazines a little while ago, I came upon a number of *The New Kingdom*, in which I read a saying of somebody's that Sunday school teachers ought to introduce their pupils to as much good literature as possible, and I am trying to act on this suggestion. We could not introduce people to a better literature than the Greek, could we?

F.: No; but, as so few of our scholars will ever be able to read the classics in the original, would it not be better to introduce them to books written in their own language which they can read at first hand?

G.: That seems rather a curious objection to come from one who, I believe, is mainly occupied on Sunday afternoons in teaching literature which is translated from Hebrew and Greek.

F.: But surely even *you* admit that the Bible stands by itself?

G.: I do, to a certain extent. The Bible is, doubtless, the main source of our religious teaching, but how could it have become so if translations were as useless as you seem to imply? I think—and I have on my side so good an authority as Alfred, the Great—that people, as a rule, fail to realise how much of the original can be conveyed by translation. My own opinion is that, though it is true that the greater a work is, the more it loses in translation; it is also true that the greater a work is, the more there is in it that *can* be transferred to another language. What is lost is generally the *outward form*—the metre of poetry and the delicate shades of meaning in both prose and verse. I feel that the pleasure to be derived from these—putting aside the interest of the study of languages—is sufficient amply to repay the labour of learning Greek and Latin; still I can't see why those to whom it is impossible to learn these languages should be entirely shut out from classical literature. The *thought* can be conveyed in a translation and, in the greatest works, the thought is the most valuable part.

F.: But after all, the difficulty isn't only the strange tongue. Wouldn't a translation of a classical author be almost as unintelligible as the original to the ordinary Sunday school boy or girl?

G.: Perhaps it would, but, you see, I don't set the class to read the plays for themselves: *I* read parts, or tell the story in my own words. Of course I have to explain a good many strange customs, but this has to be done in giving a Bible lesson. I never find that the explanations have taken so much time that the moral gets left out.

F.: But, if you admit that the girls couldn't understand a translation without help, what becomes of your idea of making your lessons serve as an introduction to Greek literature?

G.: All I can hope, even for the elder scholars, is to shew them that it is worth while to know something about the Greeks, but, if I do that, they will probably read some books about Greek life, or a short history of Greece, and that will put them, to some extent, into the Greek atmosphere; and *then*, I don't see why they should not understand a good translation, though I must say I wish translators used simpler language and gave a few more notes. Still, *Jowett's Plato*, at any rate, is comprehensible to any intelligent person, and it would be something to get even *one* of my class to read that.

F.: But why choose Greek authors? Why not introduce your class to other good literature, for instance, German? Sunday scholars are more likely to have a chance of learning German than Greek; and the Germans, being modern people like ourselves, appeal more to most of us.

G.: Well, one reason that I chose Greek literature is that I know more about it than about any other except English, but my chief reason is that the great Greek authors wrote in the days before Christianity. You see, we are always saying—we people of the Liberal Faith—that revelation is not confined to one nation, one book, or one teacher; but how shall we ever get our scholars to grasp that if we always take our lessons from the Bible or, at any rate, from Christian sources?

F.: There's something in that. I wish you would tell me about your lessons.

Which of the heroines in Greek drama did you talk about ?

G. : I picked out some that I could hold up to admiration. I began with Polyxena ; [1] then went on to Macaria,[2] then to Iphigenia,[3] then to Alcestis ;[4] next Sunday I am going to finish off with Antigone.[5]

F. : Had you any reason for this order ?

G. : Yes ; these heroines form a sliding scale of self-sacrifice. You see, Polyxena did not die by her own choice ; she only met the death that was inevitable with courage and dignity, though this alone would merit admiration, even without her constant thought of her mother rather than of herself. It is very striking, I think, how, when Hecuba informs her that the shade of Achilles demands that she shall be sacrificed, her first lamentation is not for herself but for her mother. Don't you think Euripides must have meant to convey that she had always put her mother first, and so, when she heard her own death sentence, the old order of thought instinctively recurred ?

F. : That reminds me of something George Eliot says, to the effect that our action at a supreme moment is determined by our right or wrong choice at previous lesser crises.

G. : Thank you, Fred ; I did not think of that before.

F. : Let me see—I think you said you took Macaria next. I know about her because I have had to read the *Heraclidae* with a pupil lately. She is of course superior to Polyxena because she offers herself as a victim, in order to save her kindred ; but is she in any way inferior to Iphigenia ? In fact, according to your standard, isn't she superior, for Iphigenia does not volunteer to die ; on the contrary, she pleads with her father to spare her life ?

G. : But you forget that Achilles makes an offer to assist her to escape and she declines it, so she really *had* a choice.

F. : That is true, but I should think her reason for declining must be irritating to you, champion as you are of your own sex.

G. : 'Better a thousand women should perish than one man' ? Yes ; it is a jarring note, but the only one in the whole play, so it is scarcely fair to dwell on it ; at any rate I can't, for I don't think any play touches me as the *Iphigenia in Aulis* does. As to the order, I *do* think Iphigenia has a claim to the place I have given her. You see, Polyxena and Macaria both look forward to death as a relief from trouble ; it is natural that they should, situated as they are ; but all they say about the miseries of life does detract from the beauty of their self-sacrifice ; in fact, when Macaria expatiates at such length on the gain that death will be to her, one begins to ask oneself if she is not rather selfish in taking the better lot for herself and leaving the worse for others.

F. : Don't you think she purposely exaggerates her desire to die so as to make her kindred consent to the sacrifice ?

G. : That is possible ; but in any case, she is certainly not filled with 'the rapture of living, mere living.' Iphigenia *is*. Surely no one can read unmoved her plea that 'life is sweet, is sweet.' The very fact that her self-surrender comes after a mental struggle makes it the more impressive. When she enters on the scene after the interviews between Clytaemnestra and Achilles, one feels that she has lived years in a few minutes. And her large-mindedness ! She is content to die, not for her kindred, like Marcaria ; not even in obedience to her father, but for Hellas. In the last words of her great speech, we see that all thought of herself has been merged in the thought of her country :

'Greeks should conquer, not barbarians ;
Sovereignty is for the Greeks.
How should they rule us, my mother ? They are slaves and we are free'

F. : And Alcestis—is she superior to Iphigenia ?

G. : Yes, I think she is, though she appeals far less to my sympathy ; for she sacrifices herself purely from a sense of right ; she has no love to help her, nay, love pulls the other way, as she longs to stay and care for her children, and yet, in spite of this, she fulfils what she conceives to be her duty to her husband.

F. : Contemptible cur ! Fancy allowing his wife—nay, actually *asking* her—to die for him !

G. : Don't abuse the poor man ! He was only logical.

F. (*sotto voce*) : Then blessed be the illogical !

[1] Euripides : *Hecuba ;* [2] *Heraclidæ ;* [3] *Iphigenia-in Aulis ;* [4] *Alcestis ;* [5] Sophocles : *Antigone.*

G. (disregarding the interpolation) : His conduct is the natural outcome of the Greek view of women ; indeed of any view that sees in woman merely an adjunct to man. But, if we once get on to the woman question, we shall fly off at a tangent and quarrel all night.

F. : Then, by all means, let us leave the thorny subject, for I want you to tell me why Antigone has the last—and most honourable—place.

G. : I think her heroism is the highest of all, because it is based on religious motives.

F. : Why, it is her love for her brother that prompts her to perform his funeral rites.

G. : Yes ; but she feels that her love is in accordance with the eternal moral laws ; and it is this that gives her strength to defy Creon. She puts personal affection and ethical principle each in its right place, I think. I always class her with Prometheus in my own mind.

F. : Ah, yes ; I remember you take the view that Prometheus relied on a righteous Fate and believed himself to be obeying a higher law than the arbitrary will of Zeus.

G. : And he had the personal motive too in his pity for mankind.

F. : Shall you be able to make all this clear to your class ?

G. : I don't know whether I shall try. I thought that, in speaking to them, it would be better to contrast the *firmness* of Antigone with the *obstinacy* of Creon, and her way of thinking what is *right* with Ismene's way of thinking what is *customary*. Ismene is just the type of a conventional person, isn't she ? I have heard her compared to Celia in *Middlemarch*.

F. : Poor Ismene !

G. : Why, surely you don't admire her ?

F. : It certainly seems to me that she deserves more gratitude than she gets from her sister, and more appreciation than she receives from students of Sophocles. I often think that commonplace people are rather hardly treated.

G. : It always seems to me that they get a great deal more favour than they deserve. Perhaps you like Chrysothemis too ?

F. : Chrysothemis ? Oh yes ! the sister of Electra.[1] No ; she is the very opposite of the commonplace people that I admire. She truckles to those in power, takes all the advantages to be got from her meanness, and only taunts her high-minded sister who suffers for her faithfulness to her father's memory. Now, Ismene thinks Antigone has acted foolishly and brought all her troubles on herself, and yet, when the deed is done, she utters no word of reproach, but, instead, comes forward to plead her sister's cause and is willing to bear the blame and the punishment of an act she disapproved. I don't think we half appreciate these friends of the martyrs, who share the suffering without the support of enthusiasm for a cause. I suppose it is a greater thing to suffer for a principle, but surely fidelity to persons counts for something. How often a man's wife or mother is a martyr of this sort.

G. : That is true. The Oceanides in the *Prometheus Bound* are the same sort of characters ; and yet how little real help such people are compared with those who sympathise with the principle, or at least see the necessity of obeying conscience, even when they feel that their own consciences would not dictate their friends' conduct ! I often think how little mere kindliness can do by itself. It is the continual living on a high plane that enables people to help others at a crisis ; such characters as Ismene and the Oceanides live on a low plane, and so, kind as they are, they cannot really help Antigone and Prometheus.

F. : I am not sure that Prometheus did not find solace in the compassion and faithfulness of the sea-nymphs, and as to Antigone, it was her own fault that she was not soothed by Ismene's sisterly conduct.

But I want to know what you meant when you said that Antigone's *firmness* contrasted with Creon's *obstinacy*.

G. : Well, you see, Antigone will not give way because she feels she must obey a higher law than that of Creon ; she acts on the principle : 'We must obey God rather than man,' whereas Creon refuses to alter his decree merely because he loves his own will. As Antigone is like Prometheus, so Creon is like Capaneus.

F. : Let me see—who was Capaneus ?

G. : Oh ! don't you remember ? He comes in the *Seven against Thebes*.

F. : Yes ; I remember now. He got killed by lightning, didn't he ?

[1] Sophocles : *Electra*.

G. : Yes, because he defied Zeus ; but not, like Prometheus, in obedience to a higher law, but simply out of self-will.

F. : Thanks ; I see. Well, I must go, though there are lots of things I want to talk to you about. I shan't give a lesson out of Homer on Sunday, but I shall think of what you have said, especially about shewing, by our choice of subjects for lessons, our belief that revelation is not confined to one nation, one book, or one teacher. But, you see, when one's own highest life is derived from one book and one teacher, it is natural to go to the same source when one gives religious instruction to others.

G. : True. I suppose it is because I did not find satisfaction in the religious teaching that was given to me, that I was ready to absorb the teaching of the Greeks ; in fact, I suppose I am, as several people tell me, half a pagan.

F. : But, my dear cousin, whether you know it or not, your view of life is distinctly Christian in many ways.

G. : I hope so ; it would be disgraceful to get no good out of the Christian influences under which I have grown up. I suppose I must always have absorbed *some* Christian elements, but it was the reading of the classics that shewed me what I owed to Christianity, for, besides finding in the Greeks what I had missed all my life before, I felt the lack in them of some things I did find in the thought and the moral standard of my own day, and, on reflection, I discovered that it was Christianity to which I was indebted for these ideas and ideals.

F. : That's very interesting ; you must tell me more about it some day. But you see that I am right ; one half of you *may* be pagan, but the other half is certainly Christian.

I knew a devout churchwoman, a Christian, who regularly read the Bible with her small boy although she didn't believe in it herself ; and the reason she gave for that was that it would look so bad for her boy to know nothing about the Bible when he was amongst other people and it was discussed. Of course she never explained anything, and if he asked questions she would say, ' Hush, let us get on with the reading.' The boy grew up an atheist.—*Whitsuntide Speaker.*

The power we possess is the seed of all we are to possess. The unbounded energy of virtue hereafter is at once a fruit and recompense of our efforts here.—*W. E. Channing.*

JESUS AND THE BOY

SECOND ARTICLE

W. T. COLYER

IN the last number of the SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLY the writer criticised, from what he believed to be the point of view of the normal boy, some presentations, current in Sunday schools, of the life and teaching of Jesus. His present endeavour is to outline in brief what is, in his judgment, ' a more excellent way.' Let it be understood, however, from the very outset, that he does not claim for this portrayal any special measure of *authenticity*. Whatever virtue it may possess is to be found in the fact that it throws into relief certain qualities which appeal with particular force to the heart of youth, qualities which the Gospel stories justify us in attributing to Jesus.

Of all the pre-eminent characteristics of Jesus, surely none has received such scant recognition as his superb daring, amounting at times to recklessness. Robertson, of Brighton, was not merely phrase-making when he described Jesus as the Don't-Care who was hanged—on Calvary. Even if we had to reject his Gospel, we should yet have to account him as one of the greatest fighting men of history. There was nothing of lamb-like docility about the man who, in an age of slavery to formalism and tradition, could use the words, ' Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time . . . : but I say unto you . . . ; ' who could so far disregard the prejudices of a Jewish crowd as to speak the parable of the Good Samaritan ; who could constantly and openly denounce as hypocrites the ruling castes of his nation ; who could drive the money-changers out of the Temple, telling them that they had made it a den of robbers. Those, indeed, who accept the Gospel narratives *in toto* must admit that Jesus was sometimes deliberately provocative, as in his discourse upon the stories of the Widow of Sarepta and of Naaman (Luke iv. 25-28), or in the instructions which he is alleged to have given to the seventy (Luke x. 10-16). In any case, it is not easily credible that the teacher to whom such language was attributed by his disciples, bore any striking resemblance to the conventional ' Good Shepherd.' Many a wholesome story of adventure or school life supplies a more

life-like portrait of that youth in whose manners ' the ages have exulted.'

One other characteristic of Jesus deserves special attention from teachers of boys. He did not press his Gospel upon the unwilling or hesitant. It is true that he used the illustration of the Lost Sheep to suggest the yearning love of God ; but, in the matter of choosing his own disciples, he adopted the method of challenge, rather than that of the shepherd. He seems to have delighted to emphasise the difficulties and sorrows which his followers would almost certainly have to face. ' Whosoever doth not bear his own cross and come after me cannot be my disciple.' (Luke xiv. 27.) ' The son of man hath not where to lay his head ' (Luke ix. 58). ' No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God ' (Luke ix. 62). Not even for the rich young ruler whom he loved had he any concessions (Mark x. 17-22 ; Luke xviii. 18-25). It is with good reason that a modern writer has described him as the ' all or nothing ' man. His hearers might welcome or reject his Gospel, but he always claimed to dictate the terms. And we cannot bear too constantly in mind the truth that this attitude has a perennial attraction for the soul of the boy. The main strength of the various Boys' Brigades lies in their recognition of this fact of human nature ; and no Sunday school teaching can be effective which disregards it. The religion of Jesus ought not to be pressed upon our boys as though it were something which he hoped they would be kind enough to accept ; it should be held up as a challenge to a great and noble warfare to which those only are called who are prepared ' to suffer hardship ' as good soldiers of his.

It remains to show, by one or two illustrations, how these principles may be applied to particular cases ; although, of course, there is room for almost infinite diversity among teachers who accept generally the propositions already stated. We will take first the story of the Good Samaritan. It would be absurd, in a class of growing boys, to start with a glowing word-picture of the kindness of the Samaritan, and of the subsequent gratitude of the man who had been robbed ; but it is possible to interest them by pointing out the risks which Jesus knowingly took when he spoke the parable. Illustrations may be drawn from the riots during the Boer War, to show the kind of danger he faced. It may also be emphasised that everybody now sees how silly and unjust the Jews were in despising all who were not of their own race. There are good men and bad men in every nation—good Germans as there are bad Britons. (When making this point in his own class, the writer was surprised to find how much can be, and is being, done to sow race hatred in the hearts even of boys of twelve and thirteen. It would be an achievement if our schools did nothing more than counteract some of this devil's work.) The action of the Good Samaritan also gives openings for impressing upon the boys the desirability of acquiring a knowledge of ' first aid ' ; and when he has said all this, the teacher has cleared his way for driving home the more obvious lessons of kindness and sympathy.

The story of the Prodigal Son is better suited to the senior class ; but it may be treated on the same lines. The daring of Jesus again appears ; then we pass on to the exceptional honesty of the prodigal—his redeeming feature ; illustrate, from experience, the lesson that, in nine cases out of ten, in which young men make shipwreck of their lives, all could have been set right if only, when they began to get into difficulties, they had had the prodigal's courage—to ' arise and go unto their fathers,' or other trusted friends, and make a clean breast of it. Then can follow the lesson concerning the relations between the Father of Spirits and our spirits.

In each case, it will be observed, the endeavour is the same ; not to minimise the tenderness and sympathy of Jesus, but to obtain a hearing for him on the strength of his other—and, to boys, more attractive—qualities. In the writer's judgment, the crucial problem is, by any honest means, to get our boys interested at all in the carpenter of Nazareth. We may safely leave to time the development of their thought concerning him. The reason for the loss to our churches of so many of the boys who once belonged to our Sunday schools is not that their estimate of the teaching and character of Jesus is defective or mistaken, but that their teachers have failed to arouse in them any serious interest in either.

A BACK-BLOCKS PARSON IN AUSTRALIA

J. H. M. NOLAN, M.A., B.Litt.

When a young man finishes his course at an Australian Theological Hall, it is usually supposed to be the fair and proper thing for him to begin with a 'back-blocks' parish. This curious term is due to the government surveyors, who are in the habit of dividing new country into large blocks. The blocks which are nearest to the coast are naturally more thickly populated and settled than those farther back. Thus the term 'back-blocks' refers to the country in which pioneering is the order of the day, and where life is freer and less conventional than it is in the great cities and the coastal districts. But in this respect, a great deal of country on the coast might be included under this description. The word 'back-blocks,' however, does not include the coastal regions. To understand the real signification of the term, it must be borne in mind that a long range of moderately mountainous country runs parallel to the East Coast of Australia for about 2,000 miles. Its distance from the sea varies, but the narrow strip between the mountains and the ocean is hardly more than a hundred miles wide at any point along the whole coast. This strip is the richest and most well-watered part of Australia, and narrow as it is, could contain several European kingdoms. It is throughout this part and over the mountainous region which divides it from the interior, that the bulk of the Australian population is to be found. But once the mountains are crossed, the Great Central Plains of Australia are reached, and these stretch towards the setting sun, almost without a break, for over two thousand miles across the Continent. It is this part which the town and coastal folks call the 'back-blocks,' and the name has a mingled dread and fascination for them. In this back-country, the population is very scattered and inconsiderable, most of the land being given over to sheep. Countless millions of these hardy animals browse over its vast areas, and make this part of Australia, in truth, the Land of the Golden Fleece. The climate appears to suit perfectly the merino, which is the breed most overwhelmingly represented.

A Large Parish

It was in such a region that I found myself inducted as a Presbyterian Minister in my first charge. Having lived most of my life in large cities on the coast, I really knew very little about the back-blocks, as for that matter do most coast Australians. I was very soon, however, to know the district assigned to me fairly thoroughly, for there were not many of its homesteads which I had not visited before my time was finished. My parish embraced a tract of country which, if it had been in England, would have stretched from London to Leicester in one direction, and from Oxford to Cambridge in the other.

The river Castlereagh ran through it for about one hundred and twenty miles. I have called it a 'river,' and it was certainly wide enough, for one of the bridges which spanned it was said to be an eighth of a mile wide, but with the perversity of Australian rivers, it narrowed so much below my district as almost to enable one to jump across. One man assured me that he had gone down one side and returned along the other, without realising that he had crossed it at all. But it is distinctly an euphemism to say that it 'ran,' for during the three years I was there, its total 'running' must have been easily comprised within three months. The rest of the time it was a long gully, filled with sand, in which, however, water was to be had for the digging. It is quite a famous river in its way out there, and has been immortalised by one of our Australian poets. In one of his poems he states that

> 'It's a land of lots o' time
> Along the Castlereagh.'

I do not think he means to insinuate that the people are lazy, for they certainly are not. But my recollections of the river and its surroundings are bathed in floods of sunlight, and there is certainly a kind of dreamy 'afternoon' air about the country, which would make the Spanish siesta a very suitable custom. I do not remember, however, that it was at all indulged in. I never indulged in it myself.

Most of my parish was as flat as the traditional pancake, but I was fortunate in having a range of mountains for my eastern boundary. It was the last spur of the Great Dividing Range in that

part, and was called locally the Warrumbungles, though it is designated the Arbuthnot Range on the map. I cannot remember that I ever heard it called by the latter name. I used to travel along its foothills once a month, and it proved a very pleasant change after the monotony of the plains. It was an exceedingly beautiful range, and though only moderately high was most precipitous. The geologists say that these are the oldest mountains in the world, far older than the Himalayas, than which they were once considerably higher. But through countless ages they have been worn down to a modest three or four thousand feet, and the plains on which we lived were the result of that erosion. Some of the gorges which ran up from the plains were magnificently grand, and as brave-hearted settlers dared the loneliness, I used to visit them about once a quarter. It would be hard to imagine nooks and corners farther away from the busy life of England.

The people in these parts, and for that matter throughout the whole district, were somewhat hazy in their theological views, and were not particular as to ecclesiastical differences. They always liked the minister to visit them, whoever he might be, and even though they themselves might be Roman Catholics. Most of the women folks would take the chance of a minister being round to have their babies christened, and as each child was supposed to belong to the church of its christener, many of the families were considerably mixed, if not in their theological views, at least in their ecclesiastical designations.

Occupations

But the bulk of my charge was on the Plains, and was sheep-country pure and simple. The sheep is a splendid animal for making money, but he does not encourage very close settlement. It is almost incredible how few men are required for vast areas of country. However, at shearing time this is remedied to some extent, but only for a few weeks. My work consisted largely in visiting the homesteads and stations of sheep-owners. Near the mountains, a great deal of farming was also in process of evolution, and may some day displace the sheep in that part of the district. The pastoralists, as a class, are the kindest and most hospitable people imaginable to a wandering cleric. One travels about often literally not knowing where to lay one's head for the night, but there was never the slightest difficulty on that score so far as I was personally concerned. Regardless of creed, I always received the kindest hospitality, though of course, here and there I came across people living in rather a rough sort of way. On the whole, the standard of life was wonderfully high, and their intelligence and knowledge of the world quite equal to what would be found on the coast.

As to nationality, they were almost entirely British and Irish. There were a few Aborigines in the district, but probably not more than a hundred all told, and other races, such as Chinese and Indian, were present in equally negligible proportions. But the larger half of the population must have been Australian-born, mostly of one generation, but sometimes of as much as two and three. As the Castlereagh was first discovered by white men in 1818, there was no room for a very long family-tree of native-borns in the district. Still, it was strange to meet so many people who had been thirty and forty years in that part of the country, and so many who had been there all their lives.

Education

The children are, on the whole, remarkably bright and intelligent, in fact almost 'citified' in their alertness. They were certainly by no means bucolic, though their homes would have seemed terribly lonely to most English people. The Government is very liberal in the matter of education, and wherever even half-a-dozen to a dozen children could be gathered together, a half-time or whole-time school would be provided. The Government now even helps towards the expense of a governess in the case of very isolated families. As ministers of religion have 'the right of entry,' I saw many a little school gathered in some primitive bush shanty or more pretentious Government building, and the teachers always seemed to be earnest and enthusiastic in their work. I used to wonder how the Government managed to supply such a large number of really capable men and women, considering the salary and smallness of the schools.

Religious Instruction

In such a scattered district, religious teaching was, of course, largely a home affair. The little townships had Sunday schools attached to the various churches in them, and these I should think, were very similar to those in centres of population on this side of the same size. They were largely run by women-teachers, men in the back-blocks being conspicuous by their absence in anything of a distinctively religious nature, though they are very generous in the matter of finances. The children outside the range of these Sunday schools were entirely dependent on home influence, and doubtless in many cases grow up with practically no religion at all, but what they may chance to hear from a wandering clergyman when he visits their little bush school. In many cases, however, these would be like angels' visits, few and far between. In my own district, there must have been between twenty and thirty of these schools, in sizes varying from a couple of hundred scholars down to the twos and threes of some governess on a station, and it would have taken the best part of one man's time to have visited them thoroughly. Consequently, many of them saw me very seldom, at my headquarters about once a week, at some of the outlying places, about once in six months. The children, however, did not show any abnormal ignorance of Scripture or religion, and I think were on the whole as advanced as country children of a similar type would be on this side. I was in the habit of taking round with me a large roll of American Scripture pictures, and the children always appeared to appreciate greatly the little bit of religious instruction they got on these occasions. The teachers were also supposed to teach Scripture history from a book of extracts from the Bible, compiled by the Irish Education Board many years ago. This was, I fancy, practically at the discretion of the teacher, or, rather, of the inspector of the district, if he should choose to call for the subject. In some cases it was done very thoroughly, but I think it was mostly neglected. The children were in appearance very much like those of Southern England, the latter being nothing like so rosy-cheeked as I had expected to find them. Naturally, in a climate so much warmer than that of this country, they cannot boast of much colour, but tend to be thin and wiry. They are, however, on the whole, wonderfully healthy, and practically live in the open air.

The outstanding fact that impresses me as I compare the people, both in the back-blocks and on the coast of Australia with those in the homeland, is that they were so British in their aspect and manner of life, far more so than is often the case in London. Yet on the other hand, one cannot but be impressed with the great differences which are being brought about by a Mediterranean climate playing on a people of Northern stock, in a land of continental vastness and incredible wealth, and yet where Nature, in drought and storm, can be so cruel. I was privileged to be present for a little while at the birth of a great Nation, one sprung, strange to say, from the Mother of Mists in the grey Northland, yet living its days in brilliant sunshine and sleeping its nights under the glories of a Southern sky. I came in contact for a time with the pioneers of a vast army yet to be, with men and women of British birth clearing the way for a new people, one looking back on these sea-girt isles as its home, one having the same mother-tongue as our own, and, if we may judge by what so few of them have already done in so vast a territory, one of which the Mother-country will have no reason to be ashamed.

YOUTH AND EDUCATION

R. NICOL CROSS, M.A.

I WAS sitting in my room just after a simple breakfast the other morning ; there was a nice red fire before me, radiating its seductive heat, while out through the window the world looked grey and livid ; a few rain drops had fallen on the glass panes, and the wind was moaning—as it moans across moors and other wild haunts.

It was a morning not for work or business ; but for thought and memory and reflection—the warm lambent glow of the fire, fondling you with the mute affection of a big, soft-coated dog, and the leisure to give yourself to the invitations of your own predilection for a quiet stroll through homely avenues of mind, with their familiar foliage bending above and about you, and beneath, the light and shadow

on the path making a carpet such as only Nature can lay from her remote workshops.

One could not but feel that it was a pity that so many men had to be out in offices and workshops, and without the chance of sometimes tasting the luxury of leisure with oneself and one's own imaginings.

Of course there is a price to be paid for that privilege, as for all privileges; to be left to oneself is often to be with problems which pull and rack and have to be left as they were—waiting their next chance; it is to be at the mercy of moods and conditions. The weather of the soul is like our English weather—it is subject to changes,—on one field you have sun lying in a long, broad imperturbable smile, while just over the hedge you can see the scowl of the clouds in heaven.

The bright eye looking through dark knitted eyebrows—that's human life. And those who have time to know it aren't always in the sweetest humour. Still, as I say, there are moments—minutes when the glow of the fire at the heart of things steals through, when the 'just, subtle, and all-conquering opium,' of which consciousness now and then distils a few drops, evolves its content of feeling and dream into the mellow air. The shivering world on the other side of a sixteenth of an inch of glass, seems as far away as the North Pole, and the sense of it only adds to the geniality of the nest of comfort in which your personality lies.

One's thought was willing to go in the wake of any soft breeze that might blow from the dim hills on north, south, east or west.

. . . I had just read in a paper of a certain headmaster of Harrow, who at the close of school term, when the boys were about to scatter to their different homes, had said to them: 'I know you will be brave in the face of danger.' Perhaps that is one thing you can be sure about in the public school boy; physical cowardice would be treated by their community with the fine scorn of athletic youth. But, he added, 'Would that I could be quite sure that you will be equally brave in the face of temptation.'

And I mused with myself what a bliss was in the life of the tutors of boys who are seeking the higher callings, who have been already awakened from the long sleep of the mind, and are conscious of ambitions within mind; boys with the thirst for knowledge, and the paths into which it is the gate. If ever there was a romance on this earth, one comes nearest it in such youths from fourteen to twenty; more of it hangs over these years in the life of many a lad than you could gather from all the castled crags on the vine-clad, wood-crowned Rhine.

We go all over the face of the earth in search of the wonders which the finger of God has written on the page of space. And it is well we should—but there is probably between here and the tropics no place so full of real absorbing interest as the nearest school playground. Just try to think of what is there—the growth and opening of character, the unfolding of mind.

Think of the subtle changes which pass over all the emotions, and alter the whole young personality—as self-consciousness slowly rises, like the sun, above the horizon and spreads itself everywhere. Then you can see the features emerge with greater boldness of detail—the elevations and the hollows separate themselves from each other as the enveloping mist rolls itself away from the shoulders of morning. One prominence after another, one declivity after another, steals into view—generosity and selfishness, bravery and cowardice, truthfulness and weakness, cleverness and dullness, breadth and narrowness—all these alter their configuration with the growing light of self-consciousness; in some cases the soul-scape becomes flatter and flatter, the hills sink as they clear, there is a general indifference and stupidity over those lives; in others, the eye can follow the clouds trailing upwards, still showing that the land reaches further up—they excel their first impressions on the eye—conception, purpose, ambition are becoming bigger and bigger, bolder and bolder, in these lives.

Their career is getting more and more full of interest, more and more rich in content.

Get into the minds of these boys and girls, and you will find long views; they have windows commanding prospects, and they have imagination, and are becoming aware of the possibilities and powers which existence offers to them—and the sense of these is working with power of gravitation

in their being, moulding it into order, even as it keeps it in motion. It is not only that the physical universe is taking shape within them, but also a moral universe. With all their glowing ideas, and fine uninjured purposes, buoyed up by constant hope of what they are going to be—always of what they are going to be—they are all the time preparing temptation for themselves, and increasing the chances of a failure. And often enough it comes.

I wonder how often the parents must meet the responsibility? The world never reaps the full harvest of the school; the possibilities and powers that come above ground there, the buds of hope that are there developed, are often crushed, and sometimes they are crushed in the home. The climate of the home is too often a frost, that kills—a barren atmosphere without encouragement. And I am thinking now especially of the homes of the people, the working classes—of how the parents in these homes sometimes look on the children and of what is in their minds when they look.

'He is getting near twelve—we'll get him into the mill soon!'

'Thank goodness, she'll be fourteen at her next birthday, and we'll get her away from school!'

'They're only getting stuff there that'll be no use, anyway. They don't need mathematics to spin cotton, nor history to wash the floor. They're only getting notions put into their head, and losing their hands. And we'll be the better o' their help—I had to leave when I was ten myself, and I've got on just as well without it.'

That's the tone of the home: is it little wonder if the children are lowered to it, far oftener than is either necessary or desirable? When that is true of the great majority of working-class homes, and working-class parents, can you wonder that their power has been on the average so small, and they are still incapable of seeing where their salvation lies, or of working it out? Is it surprising that so many of them find their leisure's keenest pleasures on the sporting fields, or in the cheap music-hall or variety theatre and the public-house? Not in the least. And so long as they depress their children as near their own level as possible, so long will the latter too be driven in too large numbers to the same miserable sources.

I think that what needs to be inculcated is an attitude of greater expectation and encouragement towards the children of the ordinary home. Biography pronounces plainly enough that God does not give all the genius and ability to the offspring of the wealthy and the noble. *Their* parents, however, usually give them far more chance—and thus they have been the most frequent contributors to national life. For that to be so, there must have been enormous waste in the lower reaches of society. There the growths are multitudinous, but the yearning of the buds for bloom hardly gets a chance to make itself felt ere it is suffocated out of existence. What a spring of intellect and conscience every year should bring with it to flush our world with its freshness and fill it with its greenness—and yet as each young generation rises the world never becomes specially conscious of an access of health and strength. But one reflects, it cannot be felt, for all the lamps of the new generation are not lit at once; you can draw no line between the youth and manhood of any period—every age is always present. And that is true, and the illumination will thus be kept steadier—but surely at least it ought to get steady at a higher intensity and a greater brightness, when you consider the number of new lives that always might be lit.

The mean power is always below the axis of possibility, because most of the lamps never get a chance of shining; they are snuffed out before they reach the point of incandescence—opaqueness is their fate for ever.

The bliss of tutoring minds which know the yearning in them that rises from the great nature out of which they grow—call it what you will, Nature, Spirit, God, Life-force—is a bliss which most parents could have if they were capable of it, and most teachers if parents did not prevent it. The fostering and stimulating influences in this respect of Harrow and Rugby are denied them; such privileges are created by the wealthy for the wealthy, but their place may be taken and supplied in the humble homes of the land.

There was a day when the Scottish villages sent their raw country boys to the winter sessions at the Universities; out of peasant cottages they came, and the father's and mother's heart swelled with

pride at the thought that one of their boys at least would yet 'wag his heid in the poopit.' Ian Maclaren's 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush,' or George MacDonald's 'Alec Forbes of Howglen' will give you some glimpse of it; or better still the biography of such a man as Principal John Cairns, or of Thomas Carlyle himself. There was no train or mail-coach for these mere boys of thirteen or fourteen; on they trudged on foot, with a lift now and again on some cart—from the quiet home to the strange city—where they had to help to satisfy their appetite on the Latin and Greek they read, and keep themselves warm at the fire of their own enthusiasm for knowledge. They knew that at home too the rest of the family were going short for the sake of *their* education. But that was the spirit which made Scotland whatever light she has been. The hard-headed, rough-knuckled fathers, the severe but affectionate mothers with little enough knowledge about arts or sciences, but plenty of character and an inconvenient share of poverty, felt a pride, a reflected glory, in the unfolding minds of their sons.

And to every right-thinking father and mother I can conceive no joy so pure and strong as that of furnishing every possible opportunity and encouragement for the realisation of all the potentialities which are latent in their children. What trouble and pains we go to that they may be healthy in body; disease and disabling weakness of all kinds are diligently guarded against; we do what we can so that nothing shall permanently cripple them in body—we would impoverish ourselves for that, pay doctors, buy medicine, go to the expense of sending them to homes, or taking them for holidays. So important in our eyes is the health and wholeness of the physical frame.

Can it be that in deed and in truth the mass of people consider the mind as of quite secondary and almost negligible importance? That they grudge the loss incurred in building up the mental faculties into health and wholeness? That a crippled soul is an object they can contemplate with no particular sense of the pity and the misery of it? I fear the answer must be in too many cases 'Yes.' Weakness is a calamity, ignorance a fact; the one regrettable, the other acceptable. And yet not one but would admit that the worth and dignity of human nature, its exceeding excellence, lies in the spirit, in the mind, and soul, and not in the body. All the glory of man's achievement comes of his superiority to the rest of creation, not in physical but in spiritual organisation—it is in perfecting the latter alone that he can hope to make his chief contribution to the purpose of the universe in which he is.

This, we all believe; it only remains, to be consistent with our belief, to act upon it seriously, to comprehend its meaning.

PRAYERS

JOHN PAGE HOPPS

(For Opening School)

God remembers and waits

Ever present God, whom we often forget, but by whom we are never forgotten, make us glad to remember thee, and happy in the thought that we are asking thee to bless us. We know that thou art ever waiting to be gracious—never unmindful, never unforgiving—waiting for our better moods, our purer desires, our earnest thoughts, our quiet moments. Give us thy help and blessing now.

Father, we cry to thee against our easily besetting sins. Give us that which is deeper than forgiveness—a mind to understand our sins, a will to shun them, a life made free from them.

Far above us all art thou, O God; but thou makest thine abode with us, and hast promised never to leave, never to forsake us. How wonderful art thou in thy mighty worlds—in the heavens above and in the earth beneath! but very tender and gracious art thou in our little world within—the world of our thoughts, our affections, and our desires.

Help us to find thee there and everywhere; to listen for thy word, to love thy law, to choose thy ways, and to know that, if we will but incline our hearts to know and serve thee, we shall walk in the light at all times, and be at peace. *Amen.*

God is seeking for us

Our Father, we feel that it must be a good thing to come for a moment's thoughtful communion with thee. May we know that thou art very near, and that

we are always in thy presence, spirit to spirit, life to life. May we be made very serious by the thought that so much depends upon ourselves—upon our willingness to hear and obey—upon our readiness to see and to follow.

We come to thee, but help us to remember that our Heavenly Father comes first to us—that thou art always seeking us, calling to us, loving us, and that our prayer is only the answer to thy call.

Quicken in us the precious germs of good; awake our drowsy wills, fill and refresh our spirits with good desires and thoughts, as the sweet morning air fills and refreshes all Nature.

Our Heavenly Light, by whom alone the earthly wayfarers can know where they are and whither they are going, may the unseen radiance reach us, and be, to some hard and wintry spirits, what the glory of the sunshine is to the day—rich with the promise of a summer in the soul.

Thou hast made us for thyself; and we are lost, as in a wilderness, until we find thee. O that we may long to find thee, and be cheered by the delightful thought that to long for God is to know him, and that to seek him is always to find. *Amen.*

(For Closing School)

For a consecrated life and a blessing on our homes

May we leave this place, O Father, with a thought of thee that shall be a true consecration for us all. Send us away to be thy willing and faithful children in the world until we meet again.

We know full well that we shall fall far short even of our poor thoughts of a good and faithful life. But, 'like as a father pitieth his children,' so thou wilt pity and help us. Encourage us with the assurance that we are always in thy great school-house; and that, to the patient spirit, every day will bring some lesson which will answer thy great purpose in the end.

Save us from thinking that life can ever be poor and insignificant; that the small affairs which come to us every day are of no account; the little things we can do, of no avail. Help us to believe that nothing is small or useless in thy sight; and that the humblest beginning of goodness has in it the promise of everlasting life.

Teach us to make the best of everything, and not to increase trouble and difficulty by our fretfulness. Shew us how much there is that is sweet and pleasant in life, or might be made so by a willing mind.

Shine upon the homes that have been given us here on earth. Help us to sweeten and glorify them. Help us to see in the faces of mother and of father something that shall check self-will, and quiet passion, and conquer disobedience. Help us to make the home a joy and blessing to everyone in it, that each one may be glad in all, and all be united in the desire to make it a foretaste and symbol of heaven upon the earth.

Then, when the end shall come, bring us, O Father, to the true and happy and everlasting home in the land beyond the veil. *Amen.*

For a blessing on the day's work and aspirations

Father, give us all thy word of peace and blessing now that we are about to part once more. Help us to remember the good thoughts that have shone upon our minds to-day, and to keep any good resolutions that have blessed our souls. May we not find thy ways irksome, or thy work dull and hard; but may we go on in the way of thy commandment with willing and happy hearts, beginning to live in the kingdom of heaven even while we are upon the earth.

Pity us and help us, gracious God, in all times of our need. When temptation urges or trouble distresses, or strength fails, then let our trust and hope be in thee. So may we never feel alone or think we are unaided.

Thou who didst send thy well-beloved son, Jesus, to live his pure and noble life, and leave behind so fair an example for us all, bring us more and more into true communion with him as the days go by. He consoled the mourners, he encouraged the penitent, he guided the sinner to the Father's mercy, he took the children in his arms and blessed them. May our love be so won to him that we may be constrained to become like him in our degree. Then, by thy grace, may we see him at last in the heavenly land. *Amen.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION

ION PRITCHARD

It may appear strange that the Secretary of the Association should desire to introduce to the readers of the QUARTERLY, not a new publication but an old one—*The Bible for Young People*; the volumes are in many a Sunday School library, but they remain on the shelves, and the contents which should help to make the Bible so much more helpful and interesting, are often unknown to the teachers and adult scholars for whom this valuable work was prepared.

It is now over thirty-five years since the Association embarked on the very serious financial undertaking of bringing out these books, and had it not been for a good friend on the Committee, a friend now one of our oldest subscribers, the publication could scarcely have been brought out at all.

There were six volumes, the first four dealing with the Old Testament, and the last two with the New Testament, and the price was 36s.—that is 6s. a volume. The Committee have now decided that the price of the volumes (already reduced to 2s. 6d.) should be fixed at 1s., and so enable the books to be used as class-books for Bible study in adult classes. The fifth volume is out of print.

I want to draw the attention of superintendents and teachers especially to the first four volumes, as in spite of lapse of time and increased biblical knowledge, these books stand practically where they did when first published, as one of the best guides, if not the best known, to a real study of the Old Testament scriptures. The contents are :—

Volume 1. The Generations before Moses.
,, 2. Moses to David.
,, 3. David to Josiah.
,, 4. Josiah to the Maccabees.

In each volume there is a good map for reference. Let a minister or class leader, having himself carefully read the preface and introduction, start with the first chapter, 'The First Account of the Creation,' and I feel sure that the interest of the young people in the book will at once be aroused.

It will be well to give a short extract from the Preface where the authors refer to the legendary nature of scripture narrative, and so give an idea of the spirit in which the whole work is conceived.

'We hope that we shall never lose sight of the fact that the Bible is the book of religion while we are speaking of its stories, and that so we may gradually find a direct or indirect answer to the question "Who and what is God for us?" and "What are we to do and what to leave undone?" for it is our heartfelt desire and the highest object of our efforts to quicken the conscience of our readers and to make their religious feelings deeper and purer. Nor do we leave this object out of view in contributing to their knowledge more especially of the history of the Israelite and the Christian religion, for we believe that this history clears our insight into the ways of God with man, and gives us the key to many perplexing facts in the region of religion. It is our sincere wish that the narratives may do our readers good and lead them to the knowledge of the highest truth.'

BY THE WAY

THE ORIGIN OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY.—Dr. Tudor Jones, of Unity Church, Islington, has been holding a class, for teachers and others, for the study of Mr. Fox's lessons—QUARTERLY, October, 1910. The class has been well attended.

* * *

STORIES AND STORY-TELLING, E. P. St. John (Sunday School Union, London, 2/- net).—Most people think they can tell stories, but they often wonder why the story does not have the effect as they tell it that it had on them as they read it. There is an art of story-telling, and the Sunday School Union has done teachers of all classes a service in publishing this book. The author does not theorise; he speaks from experience, and for once the other man's experience may be of use. The value of the story is that it introduces children to the world of the ideal, and leads them to think of what they are and of what they may become. Professor St. John tells us that 'A story may be said to be a narrative of true or imaginary events which form a vitally related whole, so presented as to make its appeal chiefly to the emotions rather than the intellect.' 'In every story provision must be made for four elements: the beginning, a succession of events, the climax, and the end.' Among the chapters are three on the story-interests (1) of childhood, (2) of early adolescence, (3) of later adolescence, and, finally, one on 'Where to find stories.' After each chapter come selections of 'What others say' and 'Hints for first-hand study,' with an 'Outline for study of the topic' and suggestions for further reading. Those who

have worked over a good story to make it suitable for telling will find valuable hints for the improvement of their efforts, and be encouraged by the Professor's confession that he has often found but two or three really useful stories in collections which he has studied.

English readers will be glad of a list of stories easily accessible; we therefore give from Professor St. John's list titles and publishers:—*One Hundred Bible Stories*, Nelson, 5/-; *Paul of Tarsus*, Nelson, 6/-; *Scenes from Hebrew Story*, 1/6; *Nature Studies and Fairy-tales*, Nelson, 3/6; *Eastern Stories and Legends*, Routledge, 1/6; *Queen Bee*, Nelson, 3/6; *Stories Mother Nature told her Children*, Ginn & Co., 2/-; *Mother Nature's Children*, Ginn & Co., 3/-; *Kindergarten Stories and Morning Talks*, Curwen, 3/6; *Mother Stories*, Milton Bradley Co., 4/6; *More Mother Stories*, 4/6; *In Story-land*, Curwen, 2/6; *Book of Saints*, Longmans, 4/6; *Parables from Nature*, Dent, 1/-; *The Golden Book of Youth*, Pilgrim Press, 3/6; *Book of Golden Deeds*, Nelson, 6d.; Macmillan, 1/-; *Britannia's Calendar of Heroes*, Geo. Allen & Son, 5/-; *Torch-bearers of the Faith*, Melrose, 3/6; *Book of the Lifeboat*, Pilgrim Press, 3/6; *Stories of the Royal Humane Society*, Sunday School Union, 1/6; *Stories of the Fire Brigade*, S.S.U., 1/6; *Heroines of the Cross and Faith*, S.S.U., 2/-; *Pastor Hsi*, Morgan & Scott, 1/6. These books may be obtained through Mr. Hare at Essex Hall.

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The Forget-me-not Birthday Book is the joint production of Miss Ellen H. Green and her Bible Class at Hackney, and is published by the Sunday School Association, price 1/-. There is a text of scripture and a verse of a hymn for each day. We like the selection for our own birthday very much indeed—it suits our mood and temper. Looking for the birthdays of some of our friends we find wonderful fitness in the selected readings, e.g., one of our militant friends may dwell on this: 'For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee' (Isa. xli. 13).

And then he may consider—

> For nothing falls unknown to him,—
> Or care, or joy, or sorrow,
> And he whose mercy ruled the past
> Will be our stay to-morrow.

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The First Universal Races Congress will be held at the University of London, July 26–29, 1911. It will bring together, on terms of equality, representatives of all the races of the world, for a friendly interchange of views, with the special hope of producing between East and West a better understanding, friendlier feelings, and a heartier co-operation. A Memorial is to be presented to the Minister of Education requesting that a lesson on inter-racial friendliness be given in the schools under the charge of his Department, about the time of the Congress. We cordially hope that in every one of our Sunday schools similar lessons will be given.

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The Story and Significance of the Unitarian Movement, W. G. Tarrant (Philip Green, 1/- net) is a book to keep the spirits up. The romantic story is told with faithful insight and loving devotion by Mr. Tarrant, and should prove a welcome addition to the list of books which young men and women in our schools can study as class-books. It will increase respect for the great and good who braved danger for the sake of their faith, and stir up a spirit of emulation in the hearts of the present generation as they find into how a noble heritage they have entered.

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The Unfolding Life, by Antoinette Abernethy Lamoureaux (H. R. Allenson, 1/6). Teachers who are fond of their work know that the preparation of lessons is greatly helped by a knowledge of the peculiarities of the children whom they teach. Besides the individual peculiarities of any class, there are general facts and principles which have been stated by psychologists. To state these facts and principles in simple language is to confer a benefit upon those who would equip themselves for the practical work of teaching, but have not time for the study of the subject as it is carried on in a college class. Psychology, set forth in simple terms, becomes a homely science, and many who are unaware of possessing any scientific knowledge will listen to a popular lecture on psychology and be amazed at how much they already know of what psychologists have to teach. To such as these, and to trained teachers as well, *The Unfolding Life* will be of great use. It is delightful reading, and its effect on one old hand has been to make him wish that he had before him again the class that used to tease the life out of him, in order that he might deal with it from a scientific point of view and not merely by rule of thumb. This book will increase the teacher's pleasure in his work.

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A Hint to Debaters.—Probably it needs time and patience to help speakers ro realise that the subject and not the side-issue is the thing, that in argument there should be a complete willingness to give and take in the spirit of honourable but drastic warfare, and that it is a sign of pusillanimity when folks refrain from speaking because they think they may have their toes trodden on. The best lessons are learned in the hardest school.

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For the Class.—It is surprising what the spirit of the class will lead members to do. The worst thing that can happen to a class is to have a teacher who wants things doing so well that he is not willing to put up with amateurish effort, because he can afford to have all things done to perfection. We like to see the programmes of subjects nicely got up, neatly printed, and so forth, but we had much rather see a class programme written and duplicated by one of its own members. We have before us a splendid specimen of a programme produced by a member of a class. It is neatness itself, setting out all that a stray boy who goes nowhere can want to know in order to find just the enterprising class that will suit him. Here are the subjects: Rough Hands; A Glance at a Pond; Astronomy; Heroes and Heroism.